THE FORUM

DECEMBER, 1924

Vol. LXXII No. 6

ARCTIC AIR ROUTES TO THE ORIENT

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

FOR centuries men dreamed of a short route to Cathay and the Indies, the fabled lands from which came rare, exotic products. In those days they imagined the world flat. Then science said it was round, and Columbus, trying to prove it, found his westward journey blocked. There followed centuries of vain search for a northwest passage free from ice and open to navigation. This search ended in the tragedy of Sir John Franklin. But, to-day, another route awaits us, — northward, over the Arctic by airplane and airship.

THERE are now before the public several plans for flying by airplane or dirigible across the Arctic so as to establish new routes of travel for binding together the old world and the new. By their advocates these transarctic routes are considered to possess certain advantages over the demonstrated transatlantic ones. The soundness of such modern views can be understood and their important bearing on the trend of civilization appreciated only through considering briefly the epoch-making consequences that have already resulted from such voyages as those of Columbus and Magellan and the many others in search of the northeast and northwest passages. Such an examination will show that the proposed flights around the world from north to south, if successful, will inaugurate a new era in human thought and in world relations not as important perhaps as that which started with the voyages around the world from east to west, but nevertheless comparable.

In the time of Prince Henry the Navigator it was considered to be definitely known that if you sailed southward over the flat earth from Portugal you would come eventually where the sun stood directly above the mast, and where the heat was so intense that the sails would catch fire and the sailors would be cooked

upon the decks. To the westward the ocean was no less terrible, with serpents large enough to swallow a ship, with whirlpools that would suck down the stoutest galleon, and with a farther edge over which the ship might tumble in the night. That this would be a nasty fall was not the end of the story. Hell in those days was under the earth, and if you sailed over the edge you would tumble a little more directly than otherwise to the ultimate destination of the skeptic.

Prince Henry the Navigator was one of a few who did not believe these things implicitly. He sent ship after ship farther and farther south. Some returned with stories of serpents, and others with reports of having seen mirrored in the sky the flames of hell, — for sunsets were brilliant then as now. But each ship went a little farther than its predecessor until the sun did stand over the mast; but without burning the sails or scorching the sailors to a crisp. The rounding of the Cape of Good Hope then followed naturally and with it the discovery of one route to the Indies.

But there were skeptics even more philosophical than Prince Henry, of whom Copernicus is nowadays the best advertized. These men did not affirm or deny the dangers from serpents and dragons but reasoned abstrusely that the earth might in any case be round. These conclusions came to the ears of men of the so-called practical type who immediately applied them to the problems of commerce and concluded that if the earth were round it would be possible to reach Cathay by sailing west. Columbus tried it and made certain important geographical discoveries but failed in his main purpose, for the Americas barred the way, and the voyage around the Horn and thence to China was long and stormy.

The staid commonsense of the world has never in history received such a shock as when the voyages of Magellan and others proved that the new theories were right. To men with minds so thoroughly upset, it appeared reasonable to jettison also whatever other theories stood in the way of their desires. Along with the flatness of the earth they had previously accepted the dictum that if you sailed north beyond Iceland and Norway you would come to a region of eternal silence and everlasting cold where life was not only absent but impossible. The practical men who desired to reach Cathay cheaply and easily now reasoned that if

the world were not flat the northern portion of it might not be frozen either, and that since they were on a globe they could reach Cathay by sailing north. The mathematical scientists even concluded from the new knowledge of the size of the earth that the distance from England, for instance, to China would be actually less by going straight north than it would be by going west, assuming an unbroken ocean in both directions.

Thus began a series of voyages perhaps the most gallant in recorded history. From the death of Columbus to the reign of Queen Victoria men never forgot that the world was round in every direction, and they constantly had before them the hope of reaching China by sailing north. The first who tried were a little surprised to find that the ancient theories were not wholly wrong and there was floating ice in what is now called the Polar Sea which prevented direct sailing. When the direct route had been demonstrated impractical for sailing ships, the navigators began to skirt east and west, and thus arose the conceptions of two possible routes known as the northeast and northwest passages, the former east around the north of Asia, and the second west around the northern end of North America.

But seventy-five years ago there came a full stop to that period of thinking, through the colossal tragedy of Sir John Franklin. No expedition ever sailed with higher hopes, or equipment more sumptuously and carefully provided. Yet no one ever returned from the voyage, and the story is known only from the tiniest fragments of documents and from the scattered bones of a few of those who died.

The white and fearful wilderness, which the Greeks had assigned to the northern portion of their flat world, had been banished from men's minds for three centuries in favor of a potentially navigable ocean joining Europe to the coveted East. But the Franklin tragedy gave the lifeless northern wastes of the ancients their second innings. The world was still round, but at the "top" of it men now pictured to themselves an impassably frozen and desert ocean which no longer connected, but instead separated, Europe and China.

A change came upon polar exploration after the Franklin tragedy. The explorers were thereafter no longer pioneers of commerce and began to compete with each other not as men do in

business but rather as athletes in a race or sportsmen eager to be first to scale a mountain. This tended to strengthen the general conception that the Arctic was ferocious and barren.

With a passion for symmetry and simplicity, all but a few scholars now assumed that the frozen region was approximately circular, with a "North Pole" for center that corresponded to the top of a mountain. On this idea was based the struggle to reach *The Pole*, it being assumed that he who got there first would correspond (on a far greater scale) to the man who first climbed Mont Blanc. We have evidence of this not only in the firm general idea which still holds, but also in the definite utterance of those who were engaged in the race. Especially is this clear in the titles of their books, as Nansen's *Farthest North* and Peary's *Nearest the Pole*.

Both the participants in the game of arctic exploration and the spectators who watched it through newspapers and books knew about the Gulf Stream and the warm north Atlantic drift. They knew that these and other influences make Reykjavik, Iceland, as warm on the average January as Milan, Italy, and Christmas Eve on the north coast of Norway, eight hundred miles north of Scotland, warmer on the average than at Minneapolis which is farther south than the middle of France. They knew, but did not realize, that these and similar causes prevented the possibility that the North Pole could be anywhere near the center of whatever icy area there might be in the Arctic. They had the data for calculating (if it had occurred to them to do so) that the real center of the area that is difficult to reach, because of floating ice, lies about four hundred miles from the North Pole.

In recent years many have come to realize that the struggle to attain the North Pole was based on a misapprehension, since the Pole is nowhere near the center of the inaccessible area (which center is called the Pole of Inaccessibility and lies near 84° North Latitude and 160° West Longitude, about four hundred miles away from the North Pole in the direction toward Alaska). But that is by no means the most important misconception we are rid of. We have come to realize that on the lowlands in the Arctic, both in North America and Asia, midsummer maximum temperatures are sometimes as high as at the south tip of Florida (85° F. to 95° F. in the shade and even hotter). We know that the

snowfall in the Arctic averages less than in Scotland, and that all the snow of winter disappears in summer from every arctic land except those that are mountainous, — and most of the arctic lands are low. We know there are many hundreds of species of flowering plants in the region formerly supposed to be covered by eternal ice, and that there is more eternal ice in Mexico than there is in an equal area of continental Arctic Canada. We know that bees and butterflies go about among the midsummer flowers on the north coasts of the most northerly lands in the world.

But we might have in our minds all this and more of the new knowledge about the Arctic and still the dream of the Middle Ages about a short route to the Far East might be as remote as ever. The climate is not eternally cold, for the summers are warm; the lands are not eternally ice-covered, for few of them are mountainous; the sea is not covered with one vast expanse of ice, for the ice is not strong enough to stand the strain, and we have even in midwinter millions of floes of varying sizes drifting about and jostling each other, with large patches of open water between them. All these things are true, and still it remains equally true that for ordinary ships the Arctic is not a navigable ocean on the direct route from Europe to the Pacific.

But there lies above the partly ice-filled water the wide unhampered ocean of the air, free to be navigated in any direction by ships of the air.

The most optimistic students consider that flying conditions over the Arctic throughout the year are on the average better than over the north Atlantic. The most pessimistic consider them probably worse, but conquerable. Those who hold a middle ground think that the Arctic is perhaps more favorable than the Atlantic in summer but that it would be less favorable in winter. Some of the highest authorities have said that January flying across the Arctic will probably turn out to be not only easier than north Atlantic flying in January, but actually easier than Arctic flying in July. The authorities differ partly because some think only of our flying technique as it is to-day. But there is likely to be as much progress in aviation during the next five years as there has been during the past five, and many of the difficulties of to-day will be conquered before 1930.

During more than eleven years of actual residence in the Arctic,

the problems of the North were constantly before me, and I was, therefore, in a position to be one of the first to realize that the dream of the Elizabethan navigators was about to come true. The idea came to me vaguely about ten years ago. It was put into print tentatively in 1921 and more fully in a book called *The Northward Course of Empire* in 1922. I had been urging it upon the Canadian Government in writing since 1918.

The difficulty in getting the ordinary educated person to take a fully rational view of the polar regions is due partly to the recrudescence of ancient beliefs. This is the fault of our school and college education. The Popes of Rome were in the habit of mentioning in bulls issued during the Middle Ages that Greenland exported butter and cheese, but the children of our schools to-day are in most places given the impression that Greenland is all covered with ice and snow. I have questioned a number of school children in Canada and England and have found them uniformly of that impression, although they are usually unable to say exactly where they got the idea. In the United States there is a song in popular use in the kindergartens and primaries with the refrain, "For in Greenland there is nothing green, you know!"

Another reason for the misconceptions about the Arctic is that few care to read anything about distant countries except stories of adventure. If you spend five years in Spain, you may find when you come back that your friend, the magazine editor, does not care to print anything you have to say about climate or agriculture but that he will be glad to publish an account of how you watched a bull-fight and what you thought of it. Similarly, an explorer may go through many placid years in the remotest Arctic to find that the editor does not care to print anything except the story of a narrow escape from being eaten by a polar bear. It is as if you were to tell Englishmen the story of a year in Chicago wholly in terms of the stockyards, motor accidents, and deaths from sunstroke.

Probably the most insidious and effective opponent of a rational view of the earth is Mercator with his grotesque chart. The earth is flat in the idiom of our speech, it is flat when you look out through your window, and it is flat when you glance at a wall where hangs a map of the earth with Greenland looking bigger than South America and with the north coasts of Alaska,

Canada, and Siberia stretching horizontally from east to west. It is simple and natural to consider the earth as flat. The sailor knows how simple it is in theory to cross the ocean on the presumption of flatness, but he knows also that nobody but a fool would do it. Hence that picturesque expression "plane sailing," which describes a thing so easy that any fool can do it.

The navigators are among the few people who have to apply day by day their knowledge that the earth is round. Most of the rest of us, including politicians, are under no such compulsion. We speak of the "top" of the earth, and we have on our wall Mercator's chart with Canada and Siberia at the top. We see the Arctic islands lying between continents on one side and the ceiling on the other, and we get the idea that they lie between Canada and Siberia on one side and infinity or nothingness on the other. This misleading presentation has actually led to the half-formulation of a doctrine of international law to the effect that one land belongs to another because of lying to the north. That would be logical if the earth were flat and had a farther edge. It looks logical on Mercator's chart, but the logic wholly disappears when you consider the map of the northern hemisphere which we print with this article. Such maps are rare. Last summer I visited every well-known shop in London and was unable to buy a map of the northern hemisphere, except on a small and practically diagrammatic scale as a sort of footnote to a map of the eastern and western hemispheres. You will fare almost as badly on a search in New York. The only American map available much larger than a grapefruit has recently been published by the United States Weather Bureau. Such are the results of the simple-looking Mercator's and of the doctrine that the Arctic is an insurmountable barrier.

On the map of the northern hemisphere you will see that the arctic frontier of the great land masses does not run in a straight horizontal line as on a Mercator, but forms instead a horseshoe. This horseshoe is much smaller than you would have thought, for the Arctic Ocean is tiny when compared with any of the other oceans. If it were dreadful and uncrossable by aircraft, it could be avoided. If you can not cross the Gobi Desert, you can always go around it.

Maps of the northern and southern halves of the earth show

that the great land masses of the world are in the northern hemisphere. It is important from the political and economic point of view (since we do not inhabit the ocean) that the Arctic on such a map or on a globe looks like a hub from which the continents radiate like the spokes of a wheel. This gives it an immediate importance which is bound to increase as the settlements creep northward along the great Siberian and Canadian rivers. Major-General Sir Sefton-Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation for Great Britain, said in a speech at Sheffield last summer that carrying mails from England to Japan by way of the Arctic was a probability of the next ten years. Rear-Admiral William A. Moffett, the head of the air section of the United States Navy, said in announcing a project that the American dirigible *Shenandoah* should cross the Arctic probably from Alaska to Europe, that "It must be realized that polar routes by air connecting England, Japan, Alaska, and Siberia are possibilities in the near future, and that they will be of incalculable value in cutting down time and distance between these points."

The voyage of Magellan's ships around the world transformed the earth from a stationary pancake, housed under a firmament, into one of a family of little spherical planets tagging along behind a somewhat larger sun on a possibly eternal journey through a perhaps infinite universe. When the new views of the Arctic get so firm a hold that they lead to transarctic flying, as the Copernican doctrine of a round world led to the voyage of Magellan, then there is bound to follow a profound change of thought and outlook, not so profound as that of the Middle Ages but nevertheless decisive enough to mark an epoch.

The voyages of Columbus and Magellan were to test the theory that the world might be round. If that view were correct, it was realized that many important commercial and political advantages would follow. As on many other occasions, the "if" was then considered a very important word. No gibe that is now directed against those who believe the Arctic to be habitable and fairly pleasant is quite so amusing or effective as those directed four hundred years ago at the advocates of the roundness of the earth, pointing out that in such case the water would be spilled out of the wells in China, and that the Chinamen themselves would be walking like flies on a ceiling with feet upwards and

pigtails hanging down. We now know that there was on hand even then ample evidence to show that in China the pigtails should point towards the center of the earth instead of heavenward. But that evidence was not widely disseminated or properly appreciated. Similarly, there is on hand to-day sufficient evidence to show that many of the terrors of the polar regions must be as mythical as the dragons and spouting flames of the mediaeval Atlantic. But now, as formerly, men give little thought to actual evidence since their minds are too well-stuffed with traditional lore.

Though the average temperature for the month of July at sea level at the North Pole has been estimated to be approximately freezing, the Arctic sea has above it in summer what are called reversed temperatures, and the air at a flying altitude of a thousand feet above the water will probably average for July ten or twenty degrees warmer than the sea level figure. Against this there is, of course, the view inherited from the Greeks that the remote north must be intensely cold at all altitudes at all times. How firmly that view is still held was amusingly shown in a misquotation of an interview given out by Admiral Moffett the summer of 1923, shortly after the announcement of the proposed *Shenandoah* flight. The Admiral evidently said he expected the *Shenandoah* to fly over the North Pole at a temperature of 50°, his mind when he said it being equipped with the newer knowledge. The reporter, mentally equipped with the old knowledge, evidently assumed that the Admiral had forgotten two rather important words and so he thoughtfully amended the Admiral's "temperature 50°" to read "temperature 50° below zero." So uniformly did the public agree with the reporter rather than the Admiral that the statement was widely quoted and commented on editorially and otherwise, always on the assumption that 50° below zero was the correct reading, which as a matter of fact differed from the Admiral's estimate of the temperature by exactly 100 degrees.

The public commonly supposes that the entire arctic regions are cold in summer, but those who have read weather bureau reports and the records of travelers know that temperatures of 80° and 90° in the shade have been recorded at widely different points in the arctic lowlands of Alaska, Canada, and Siberia, and

therefore in a horseshoe curve around the Arctic Sea. Practically any wind that blows across that sea must necessarily come from one of these super-heated lands and should, therefore, be warmer than the air near the surface of the ocean. This accounts for our confidence that the air a thousand feet above the North Pole will be ten or twenty degrees above freezing even though the sea level temperature may be around freezing in July.

But the assumption of these warm winds coming in from the heated continental areas also leads to another conclusion, — that fogs must be prevalent. This is agreed on all hands, but it is believed that for the reason of the marked difference in temperature between the upper and lower air levels the fogs will be on the average much lower than they are over the north Atlantic. A flying altitude which compels an aircraft to go through fog on the Atlantic will, therefore, probably enable it to travel above the fog in the Arctic. Of course, it will be less pleasant to have low fogs than to have none, but it will be pleasanter to have the fog below you than to be compelled to travel through it.

It is generally agreed that even in the middle of the polar sea in summer there are water spaces between the ice cakes aggregating something like fifty per cent of the total surface. In case of forced descents, it will, therefore, be possible to land either on substantial ice floes or upon quiet water between them. This water would be quiet even with a fairly strong wind blowing, for there would be enough ice to break the waves in most places. The Atlantic between the United States and Europe is, on the contrary, seldom smooth, so that when flights become numerous and relief stations correspondingly numerous, polar flying will be much safer than Atlantic flying because a comfortable landing could be followed by an existence on the ice for several days even without provisions while awaiting the reply to an SOS signal. Undeniably the experience would be unpleasant but it would be a little pleasanter than being among tumbling waves in the mid-Atlantic.

The public commonly supposes that the arctic regions are remarkably windy. That belief arises from the many picturesque descriptions they have read of storms which have actually occurred. They neglect to note, however, that the good weather is not equally easy to describe picturesquely. Look in the weather records of such expeditions as Peary's or Nansen's, for instance,

and you will find that strong winds at great distances from land are remarkably rare.

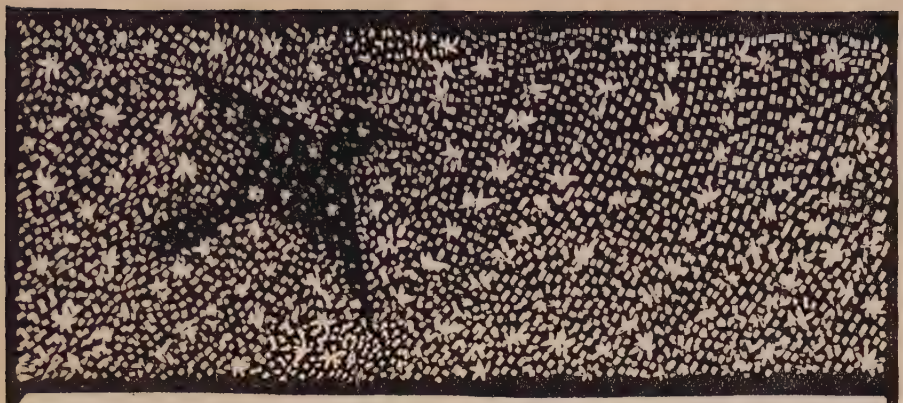
With regard to dirigibles, it is considered that one of the great advantages over others of the transarctic route is that there will be less trouble with expanding and contracting gas. If you are in a balloon and suspend two identical dark bulb thermometers, one in the sunshine and the other in the shade, you may record temperatures one far above and the other far below freezing. This means that the heat which expands the gas of a balloon is not an air temperature but is directly created when the sun's rays strike the bag and are there transformed into heat. You may, therefore, be flying through such a uniform temperature as that over a tropical ocean, and still the rising sun each morning will expand your gas and compel you to let some of it escape. Correspondingly, when the sun sets the gas will contract, and you will have to throw out ballast to prevent the dirigible from sinking to the ocean. This difficulty can be largely avoided in transarctic flying. Take as an example the route from London to Tokyo: you fly from London across Edinburgh, then north along the west coast of Norway, and so on in a great circle to Japan. If you leave London an hour after sunrise and have the speed now ordinary in dirigibles, you will, in July, reach the area of the midnight sun before evening. In other words, the sun will not set upon your voyage from the time you leave England until you have crossed the Arctic and are well down to the middle of continental Siberia. The whole flight could probably be done in about four days, three of which would be without any night, the only darkness being immediately before reaching Japan. The same perpetual sun that economizes your gas will also give you the pleasure and comparative security of constant daylight.

If, then, the distance from England to Japan were the same whether you fly east or north, it nevertheless would be more advantageous to fly north. But the distance north is much less than the distance east, — 4500 miles by the northern route as against about 8000 miles if you follow the Trans-Siberian Railway and the ship routes. Furthermore, you would have to rise to greater altitudes if flying over the railway, and a mountain range is always a serious obstacle for a dirigible.

This brief sketch and a good look at a map of the entire northern

hemisphere (a map of just the polar regions will only deceive, for the average person has nothing in his mind for scale) will show that the establishing of the new theories to be tested by the trans-arctic flight will have an effect upon international relations and upon the thought of the world similar to that produced by the voyage of Magellan.

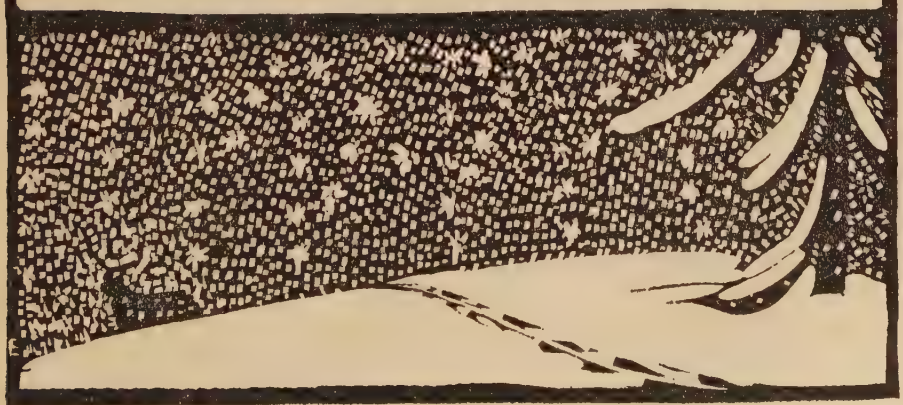
On the map of the northern hemisphere the Mediterranean separates Europe from Africa. It must have been a serious barrier in those ancient days long before the Phoenicians when no one dared to cross the sea and the only route was around the east end beyond the Dardanelles. The so-called "Polar Ocean" is not an ocean, for its size does not call for the dignity of that name. Look on the map again and you will see that the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico that separate North from South America make a larger "mediterranean" than the polar sea which separates the Old World from the New. It would be a nuisance if we could not sail direct from France to Africa or from the United States to Brazil. It is equally inconvenient that we are not at present able to sail direct between England and Japan across the Arctic Mediterranean. But when we have overcome the mythical terrors of the Arctic, as Columbus vanquished the terrors of the Atlantic, then will airship lines cover the arctic maps as the steamship lines now cover the various oceans. Then will be complete the theoretical change forseen by Copernicus. Magellan changed the earth from a pancake that could not be sailed around at all to a cylinder that we have been able to sail around only east and west. Whoever first crosses the Arctic will convert that cylinder into a sphere equally traversable in all directions by ships of the air. This will round out a beautiful poetical and mathematical conception; it will also have the practical consequence of making neighbors from north to south some of the important countries of the world that have been distant from each other east and west.



WINTER

ANNE HINCHMAN

Have you seen a blue jay flash through a snowstorm?
Have you seen the red-flecked head of a woodpecker
In snow-trimmed trees?
Have you seen dark sledges of felled tree-trunks
Drawn by steaming horses,
When the woodman takes an axe
And breaks open the frozen water for them,
And they drink at the trough?
I have.
And I have seen an antlered stag
Move slowly across the sloping field
Till the snowflakes gathered around him,
And I could see nothing but snow.



THE TURKISH TREATY—A DEBATE

THE TREATY OF LAUSANNE

DURING the first days of August, 1923, there was signed at the University of Lausanne, Switzerland, a treaty between Turkey and the Allied and Associated Powers of Great Britain, France, Italy, Greece, Rumania, and Japan. This treaty brought to an end the state of war which had existed in the Near East ever since the entry of the Ottoman Empire into the World War. As a result of her overwhelming defeat by Great Britain in that war, Turkey surrendered unconditionally, and the complete destruction of the Turkish nation seemed imminent.

When the Turks, after signing the Treaty of Sèvres, refused to ratify it, the Allies sent Greece in to administer the coup de grace *and to bring the recalcitrant government of Mustapha Kemal to its senses. But under his extraordinarily able leadership, Turkey staged what is probably the greatest come-back in all recorded history and, in a brilliant and swift campaign, smashed the Greeks' offensive and routed them from Asia Minor. As a result, the Allies had no alternative but to fight Turkey themselves or accept the conditions as altered by Turkey's victory.*

The Treaty of Lausanne recognizes Turkey's altered status. It restores her to full sovereignty by abolishing the Capitulations under which foreigners resident in Turkey were immune to Turkish law and subject only to the jurisdiction of their own consuls.

The United States was not a signatory of the main Treaty of Lausanne but we sent two observers to the conference, and they negotiated a treaty with Ismet Pasha, — a sort of supplement to the Treaty of Lausanne. Some such treaty was necessary to restore friendly relations between the two countries, which had been severed when the United States entered the World War in 1917. It is this Turco-American Treaty of Lausanne which replaces the Treaty of 1830, that is to be presented to the Senate for ratification or rejection at the coming session of Congress.

In the debate that follows, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University maintains that if the Democrats in the Senate are true to their party promises the necessary two-thirds for ratification will not be forthcoming; he regards ratification as a sin against our oft-reiterated professions of idealism, as an abandonment of the Christians and racial minorities of Asia Minor whose cause we have so often championed in the past.

Professor Edward Meade Earle of Columbia University on the other hand, takes the viewpoint that, since the Treaty merely gives legal sanction to what is virtually a fait accompli, *and since we are unwilling to fight to reverse that* fait accompli *and Turkey is probably willing to fight to maintain it, it is not only ridiculous but actually inimical to the peace of the world to withhold ratification of the Treaty.*

MAKING FRIENDS WITH UNRIGHTEOUSNESS

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

THE main, though not the only, difficulty with the so-called Lausanne Treaty of the United States is that it is based upon supposed conditions and obligations and advantages which simply do not exist. All the arguments in favor of the treaty assume that we are dealing with ordinary circumstances; that we have been negotiating with a sister independent nation, and that we rest on the usual guarantees that a treaty once ratified will be scrupulously observed on both sides. When the real character of the so-called Turkish nation is made clear, and when the weakness of the foundations of the Treaty is exposed, then no arguments that it is favorable on its face to the missionaries, to trade, to archæological researches, or to speculative investments, have any weight, because the other party is not a sound, permanent, and responsible nation.

The first question for the State Department, the Senate, and the people of the United States is, what kind of a thing is this Turkish Republic which lays down the law to American diplomats? In spirit, in purpose, in its low opinion of western civilization and western diplomats it is just the same kind of thing as that Ottoman Empire which has been the enemy of civilization, Christianity, and government for six centuries. So long as the Turk has a lasting home on the Bosphorus and holds territory on the European side there can be no permanent peace for the world.

The Turks for ages have shown a magnificent capacity to merge mixed elements into a barbarous people whose government is oppression, whose tax system is plunder, and whose idea of war is torture, fire, and blood. They are a superior race only in the sense that they have conquered and partially enslaved the earlier occupants of Europe and Asia Minor. The open sore in the Near East is the Turkish power, which for the time being finds it convenient to call itself a republic.

Naturally we feel an interest in peoples who follow our example in the American Revolution by breaking away from a hated government and taking the reins of power into their own hands. But the Lausanne Treaty of the United States is not made with such a liberated people. The Turkish revolution is simply a sub-

stitution of self-constituted despots for despots who at least have had some claim to rule by right of descent.

No testimony has ever been offered that proves this "republic" to be founded on open and free election; or that the so-called Assembly represents anything more than a fraction of the Turkish people; or that it carries on its business and comes to a decision as a deliberative body. The first form of the republic was simply Kemal Pasha, whose decisions were obeyed because the army took his orders. The present ruling Turks abolished the Sultanate, not because it was vicious but because it blocked the way of ambitious men and women outside the imperial family. They have uprooted the Caliphate not for the sake of religious freedom but for Henry VIII's reason for destroying the abbeys, — that they wanted the church lands.

There is no organized government with responsible and civilized agents throughout the country. The republic has promised guarantees to the Christian races; but the whole Turkish movement is founded on the theory that none but members of the Turanian race have any right to take part in the government, or indeed to live. The Turkish republic has no legal foundation. Most of the good reasons against making a treaty of friendship and commerce with Soviet Russia hold equally good against any treaty with the present Turkey. Turkey has no tradition, no experience, no capacity for the kind of government which is able to enforce a treaty.

The main reason given for supporting the Lausanne document is that the European powers have made a similar treaty. Just what are the motives of France and Great Britain in that negotiation? Are they such as Americans would like to imitate? The simple basic truth is that Great Britain and France gave in to the Turk, because each nation was afraid that the other would secure a special understanding that would freeze the neighbor out. They had to accept dictation by the Turk because they are in possession of portions of the old Turkish Empire, which the Turks threatened to retake, particularly Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. The happiness of mankind does not require that those two nations should have such a footing in the Near East, however essential to the British and French empires in farther Asia the protection of the Suez Canal may be. The statesmen of both

powers shrunk from the thought of military force against the Turks. Perhaps they were also afraid of hostile movements by the Russian Soviet in the Turkish rear. One of the greatest dangers to the present world is a possible military combination between Russia and Turkey under kindred despotisms.

Let us also keep aloof from the capitalistic pressure of special economic privileges. For many years Turkey has been oppressed by a system of economic preferences and grants made to foreign governments, or to corporations backed up by governments, for the exploitation of natural resources. We know something of that system: the contracts of American oil operators in Mexico are concessions; many railroads in China are built on concessions. The Turkish concessions go farther: they have included vast rights of railroad building, irrigation plants, copper mines, and oil wells, obtained in many cases by money payments which were substantially bribes to government officials, especially the old Sultan Abdul Hamid. Such concessions ought never to be granted by any government; and could not be made except by a weak, hungry government disloyal to the interests of its own country.

Not long before the World War the so-called Chester concession was negotiated, but not completed, by a former American naval officer, who expected to sell his privileges to other Americans. Of course we accept the statement of the State Department that the Chester concession was not the motive force of the American negotiations at Lausanne; but the fact remains that for the first time in all our relations with Turkey our representatives have signed a document making special provision for "commercial, industrial, and financial companies and associations, organized under the laws of the United States and Turkey."

Such a system of concessions means future trouble for the United States: for where the concessionaire goes, he later demands that his government shall come after him to protect his property and compel the government that grants the concessions to live up to its part. The last thing the American people need or desire is to be tangled up in such a web of commercial diplomacy. Our relations with Mexico show the difficulty of such arrangements near at hand; and Heaven forbid that we should be obliged to accommodate ourselves to the methods and principles of Oriental diplomats!

There was a time when the United States, by putting strongly to the front our traditional ideas of justice and humanity and religious liberty, might have made some impression upon the Turkish mind. We have sent missionaries to Turkey, and they have founded schools and colleges in which they have taught their pupils ideas of free and popular government. Those students and other Christians who have been in America have had a considerable part in building up such countries as Bulgaria and Greece. During the last hundred years these institutions of learning have received only a handful of Turkish students, boys or girls; their pupils and their converts have been almost entirely drawn from peoples who were already Christians. But when the few Armenians that escaped from murder by the Turks asked that they be allowed a region for people of their own faith, Europe and the United States turned their backs and left them to the revenge of the Turks.

Perhaps our envoys were right under their instruction from Washington in declining to insist upon a protection for the Armenians that might require support by American soldiers and sailors; but must we also enter into relations of special friendship and accord with a nation of murderers? President Wilson in his transactions with Huerta refused to recognize a government founded upon force, and he did right! Why should we claim friendship with the Turks, who are below the level of Mexicans in moral fibre and no higher in self-government?

There remains the question of the Capitulations, recognized by the Turkish government for Western foreigners during five hundred years. Our right to a special treatment is further set forth in the Treaty of 1830 with Turkey, which corresponded with the facts of Turkish government then and equally now. The European nations in their Lausanne Treaty give up the Capitulations, which have been a reasonable arrangement for the protection of a body of highly civilized men and women who took up their residence in a country in a low state of civilization. There was no such thing as law or courts or justice in Turkey, as we understand those terms in America. There are no such things now.

The ruling influences in Turkey at the present moment are substantially the same as before the World War. It is still a country without manufactures, without Turkish traders, without

a settled and recorded law, without prospect of a government responsible to anyone, without culture, without money. The European powers gave up the Capitulations simply because they have other methods to reach their ends and protect their people. The ruling motives for the European Lausanne Treaty are such as the United States can never share; those powers are trying to protect interests and trade which are alien to us. We can get on perfectly well without a new treaty. Of course it will be impossible to assert exterritoriality for ourselves alone; but without it the Turks can be brought to allow substantially the same kind of self-protection that we have always had, and which we enjoy at the moment without the Lausanne Treaty.

As for the mission schools and colleges, the missionaries somehow always have a soft side for the Turks and a hard side for the Christians among whom they have found their only converts. The Turks are very plausible persons. They look refined, they talk in a lofty way, they sigh for culture. Yet they will never accept the Christian religion or desire the success of Christian races.

And what is the use of further argument? If the Democrats in the Senate stand by the plank in their party platform, no two-thirds majority for the pending treaty can be found in the next few years. Meanwhile the Turks will undoubtedly make good their talent for disorganization and cruelty and reckless disregard of treaties or pledges which become inconvenient. They have been making promises of reform in treaties ever since 1860, yet do not scruple to send troops into the Mosul region in defiance of the European Lausanne Treaty. After all, the present Turkey has probably fewer inhabitants than Bulgaria and Rumania combined. The only thing that makes it a danger to the peace and welfare of the Near East is its reckless disregard of international obligations. When the Soviet leopard changes his spots, so that we feel safe in making a treaty with that vastly more important country, Russia, it will be time enough to consider new relations with Turkey. "By their fruits ye shall know them," — the experience of six hundred years has made us well acquainted with the fruits of Turkish power.

OUR HOLIER-THAN-THOU-POLICY

EDWARD MEADE EARLE

THERE are two qualities conspicuously lacking among opponents of the Turco-American Treaty of Lausanne. One is a sense of proportion, and the other is a sense of humor. Our Turcophobes, amateur and professional, insist that ratification of the treaty would be a humiliating spectacle, — a great, powerful America ignobly bowing before a puny and anaemic Turkey; a generous Christian government extending the hand of friendship to a "government of murders"; the American Senate placing its stamp of approval upon the Armenian massacres. This conception of the importance of the Turkish Treaty exhibits a warped, if not frenzied, perspective. It is not the purpose of international treaties to unmake history, and those treaties which have attempted to do so have been conspicuous illustrations of the folly of the procedure. No action, — ratification or rejection, — which we take upon the Treaty of Lausanne will affect in the slightest detail the ghastly record of the Near East during the past fifteen years. But it cannot be too emphatically stated that our action upon the treaty will materially influence the *future* of the Near East. And if our aim in world politics is not merely to condemn, but to cure, we cannot afford to be guided by vindictiveness. It is obvious that mere ratification of this treaty will not transform Turkey into the most democratic of republics, exhibiting all the virtues of faith, hope, and charity. It is also obvious that one must be intellectually — or, rather, emotionally, — unbalanced who believes that the resumption of normal diplomatic relations with Turkey will place an ineradicable stain upon the fair name of the American people.

One must be devoid of a sense of humor, furthermore, who wishes to exact of the young Turkish Republic conditions which we do not exact of other nations, and, indeed, which we do not exact of ourselves by way of admission to the "family of civilized nations". It is said, for example, that Turkey is not a Christian nation. This assumption of the superiority of the Christian peo-

ples may at least be open to question in view of the events of 1914 to 1918 and, even worse, of 1918 to 1924; it becomes ludicrous in the light of the fact that the anti-Turkish diatribes of the opponents of the Lausanne Treaty are as notorious a denial of Christian principles as one could hope to find anywhere. Among those who are most decided in their judgments that the Turkish Republic is not a responsible democratic government are to be found eulogists of Benito Mussolini and Fascist Italy. In every thousand persons, who assert that national minorities and foreigners will not obtain justice in Turkish courts, it would be difficult to find one who does not pass over in silence the fact that Negroes enjoy little protection from courts in the South, and that there is no such thing as judicial impartiality toward the Japanese on the Pacific Coast. Although there was plentiful advertising of actual and of alleged Turkish atrocities during and since the Great War, it is not recorded that the opponents of the Lausanne Treaty were active in exposure of Armenian retaliations in northeastern Anatolia or of the vandalism connected with the Greek war of extermination in the hinterland of Smyrna. It is not necessary to multiply illustrations of our willingness — nay, our eagerness — to mete out one measure to the Turks, another to other peoples, and yet a third to ourselves. In such circumstances it is small wonder that we exert so little moral influence upon the Moslem world.

Judged upon its own merits the Treaty of Lausanne needs no special defense. It is quite capable of justifying itself. It is not intended to be a complete settlement of all Near Eastern questions but rather a recognition of the patent fact that there has been a change in conditions arising out of the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. It is designed to resume normal diplomatic relations with Turkey, which were broken by American participation in the Great War, and to re-define American rights and Turkish responsibilities. Under the terms of the Lausanne settlement every legitimate American interest in Turkey, — business, educational, missionary, and archæological, — is assured rights at least as definite as those granted any other nation. The underlying principle of the treaty, in fact, is most-favored-nation treatment; it is difficult to ascertain upon what basis our nationals could demand more or by what means our Government could

enforce any such demands. The Americans most immediately concerned about the treaty, — namely, the Americans in Turkey, — believe that the Lausanne settlement should be ratified promptly and without acrimonious debate. And it is the firm judgment of many students of Turkish affairs that the Peace of Lausanne, of which the Turco-American Treaty is an integral part, is the best settlement which has been reached in the Near East for more than a century and a half.

A great deal of rhetoric has been wasted upon the abolition of the Capitulations. The American delegation at Lausanne did not surrender American rights of exterritoriality; those rights were gone before the Turco-American Treaty was signed. All that the treaty did was to recognize a *fait accompli*. A respectable case could be made for the proposition that the Treaty of 1830 is no longer binding upon Turkey. It was negotiated by an Ottoman imperial government which has been swept away by a world war and by internal revolution. It granted to Americans only such exterritorial rights as were customarily granted other foreigners; inasmuch as other foreigners, by the terms of the Interallied Treaty with Turkey, no longer enjoy any such rights it would be difficult to maintain that they exist for Americans. All such considerations, however, beg the question. The cardinal fact is that the Turks consider the Capitulations inconsistent with their sovereignty and independence, and they were determined at Lausanne to fight rather than consent to the continuance of the system. We Americans, who place so much emphasis upon the principle of unimpaired national sovereignty, should be able to appreciate the Turkish point of view. Furthermore, there is no substantial reason for shedding tears over the passing of the Capitulations in Turkey. Whatever the theoretical justification of the system, it was accompanied by the grossest abuses. Residents of Constantinople and foreigners who have recently been in the city know that the Turkish police are now maintaining a standard of law, order, and decency that represents a considerable improvement over pre-war conditions, — Capitulations and all,— and which is in shining contrast to the unspeakable conditions prevailing during the military occupation by the Christian Powers. Americans and Europeans already have been subjected to the supposed tyranny of the Turkish police, Turkish jails, and

Turkish courts, and as yet there has been no cause for serious complaint.

The contention that the now defunct Chester Concessions were the guiding force in American diplomacy at Lausanne is a red herring designed to divert liberal opinion from the merits of the discussion. In so far as Admiral Chester played any part at Lausanne, it was to make the Turks more, rather than less, attentive to American wishes and to block certain English and French claims of doubtful validity. Not one particle of evidence has yet been presented to demonstrate that the Chester or any other concessions exerted any influence whatsoever upon the terms of the treaty. It can be truthfully said that no American, however fearful of the ramifications of modern capitalistic imperialism, need oppose the Turkish Treaty on the ground that it will tie our Near Eastern policy to the interests of buccaneering concessionaires.

The more one reads of the case against the Lausanne Treaty the more one becomes convinced that the objections raised are not so much objections to the treaty itself as to the Turkish Republic with which it has been negotiated. This type of objection is the more difficult to deal with, because it is founded less upon fact, — opponents of the treaty have not allowed themselves to be handicapped by facts, — than upon hoary prejudices and upon assumptions of the racial inferiority of the Turk which will not bear scientific analysis. In combating these emotional, as distinct from rational, contentions one is placed in the position of seeming to exalt the Turk as his enemies have defamed him. Lest there be any misunderstanding it should be made clear that the premises of the following paragraphs are these: that the Turk is no better and no worse than the other Near Eastern peoples; that he has been a common victim with them of an exaggerated Near Eastern nationalism and of a vicious Western imperialism; that there is no conclusive evidence that he is incapable of progress.

It is confidently asserted by opponents of the treaty that the Turkish Republic is nothing more or less than the old wolf of Ottoman power in sheep's clothing. No one would be so rash, of course, as to maintain that the government of Mustapha Kemal has succeeded in perfecting democracy among a people who for

centuries have been deliberately kept in ignorance, ground under despots' heels, taxed to the bone, bled white in massacres and wars, humbugged by church and state in an unholy alliance. But one can maintain with confidence that the Angora Government has made heroic efforts in the face of formidable obstacles to combat religious fanaticism, to sweep away outworn political and economic and social institutions, and to promote the reconstruction of Turkey to the exclusion of all pan-Turanian and pan-Islamic programs. The attention which has been paid to economic and educational reforms is one of the most hopeful signs which has ever come out of Turkey. Encouragement has been given to the movement for the emancipation of women from the veil and the harem, and an advanced law of marriage, divorce, and family status is in preparation for enactment in the autumn by the National Assembly. There has been no fantastic inflation of the currency, with the result that the Turkish pound enjoys a better position in the international exchange market than the currency of any of the Central Powers. The recent abolition of the Caliphate, carried out in accord with the Western tenet of separation of Church and State, was a drastic move against conservative Moslems, who objected to legislation designed to abandon the privileged political position heretofore enjoyed by Moslem Turks.[1] The doctrine of national self-determination has started a revolution in the Near East, from Greece to Persia, of which we are seeing only the beginning.

For the first time in history the Turks possess something approaching responsible government. The National Assembly, — which is *representative*, if not *democratic*, — and the unmuzzled Constantinople press have exerted a degree of successful pressure upon Mustapha Kemal and Ismet which has surprised even the Turks themselves. Slowly but effectively a central and local administration is being built up which demonstrates more imagination than any preceding system and promises to develop greater capacity. A better Turkey would be a blessing to the world; everyone will admit that. If the Government of Mustapha

[1] It need not be denied, of course, that other motives influenced the abolition of the Caliphate. Confirmed republicans objected to having a member of the house of Osman in Turkey, capable of making himself a center of monarchist intrigue. Anti-clericals sought to gain control of the wealth of the Pious Foundations and to break the power of the mosque schools. Nationalistic Turks wished to dissociate themselves from Islamic internationalism. Few reforms are actuated by a single, pure, and unselfish motive.

Kemal fails, it may be superseded by one based upon unfortunate traditions of political opportunism and dependent upon reactionary Moslem support, or it may be superseded by no government at all. In the interests of all the Near Eastern peoples we should do everything we can to promote law and order, not anarchy and chaos, in Turkey. An immediate and practical tender of Christian charity and good-will to Turkey will do more to promote respect for Christians and Christianity throughout the Moslem world than any number of pious pronunciamentos. It would be tragic indeed if liberal American opinion were to allow partisan politics, religious bigotry, hoary prejudices, false national pride, or any other such considerations to stand in the way of benevolent neutrality toward those who are trying to build a new Turkey upon the ruins of an evil imperial régime.

There are larger issues involved, however, than those concerned directly with Turco-American affairs. So long as we persist in pronouncing judgments and dictating terms of settlement to supposed "criminal nations" we shall have no peace in the world; Franco-German relations have demonstrated the folly of such procedure. So long as we persist in a holier-than-thou attitude toward those peoples whose religious, social, and economic creeds happen to differ from ours, we shall be obstructing the reconstruction of a war-worn world; the futility of our Russian policy since 1917 bears eloquent testimony to that obvious fact. How long do we propose to play the Pharisee?





JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

Hated by the public because of his vast wealth, but who has given more for the good of humanity than any man who ever lived

THE BILLIONAIRE ERA

Part II — The Rockefellers and Henry Ford

ARTHUR TRAIN

Illustrations by Ivan Opffer

D. ROCKEFELLER, OR, was born in Richford, York in 1839; he moved to in 1853, and at nineteen e partner in a small com- use.

covery of petroleum in ennsylvania aroused al- ich excitement as the dis- old in California. Aided by ry of one of his partners, ...vented a cheap process of cleaning the crude oil with sulphuric acid, Rockefeller went into the oil business, consolidated various refineries, and soon after — in 1870 — organized the Standard Oil Company. The next forty years of his life have been described as "The Greatest Epic in the History of Big Business." The historian, James Ford Rhodes, in a careful estimate of Mr. Rockefeller's character and services in developing a great and vital natural resource, says that he "was to business what Napoleon was to war and society." That he was a genius, probably the greatest genius in business history, is unquestionable.

Of Rockefeller and his associates, William H. Vanderbilt who then was possessed of the largest income in the world, said in 1879: "These men are smarter than I am a great deal. They are very enterprising and smart men. I never came in contact with any class of men so smart and able as they are in business."

The senior Rockefeller played the business game in accordance with the rules of the time prevailing in the industrial and railroad world, taking advantage of his ability to distribute freight to compel rebates from competing lines. But up to the time of its

suppression by the Interstate Commerce Law of 1887, rebating, like bootlegging to-day, while universally deprecated on principle, was universally indulged in. His business code was the one generally in vogue. His suppression of the middleman naturally made for him an army of enemies. So did his great and increasing wealth. But his original unpopularity as a millionaire was due almost as much to the machine-like quality of his mind, to his reticence, and to the fact that he never let the public know of his benevolences, as to his alleged business methods.

Andrew Carnegie, on the other hand, also a naturalborn philanthropist, had begun his well-advertized giving long before he sold out to the Steel Trust. His benefactions were widely known. Moreover, he was the first of the latter-day multi-millionaires to appear upon the scene. Carnegie was a novelty, while much of the old respect for wealth still obtained; and he had all the outward trappings of a Scotch Presbyterian, — even if he wasn't one, but only a benevolent agnostic.

But why was it that after business careers not widely dissimilar Andrew Carnegie did not suffer from the public hostility that was meted out to John D. Rockefeller? Of course, Andrew had only five hundred millions, whereas Rockefeller had a billion; but that was not the real reason. Neither was it merely because the public was used to the little Scotchman. The difference lay in the personality of the two men. Carnegie was emotional, imaginative, egotistical, vain, and at times ridiculous. He trumpeted his charities and benevolences and lost no chance to get his name on the billboards of philanthropy. He was amiable, loved adulation and the friendship of the great. Since the public laughed at him it could not hate him.

Broadly speaking, Carnegie cashed in a hundred per cent on every dollar he gave away. If he could have had his own physiognomy struck on the dollar in place of that of Liberty he would have done so eagerly. The public understood his faults, took him at a good deal less than his face value, and had an amiable toleration for the Laird of Skibo. It felt that "Andy" was "all right," although a lot of his libraries turned out to be white elephants. He was always talking, constantly expressing his opinions on matters he knew nothing about, and was readily and gladly accessible. He liked to give his money away himself and to have

his finger in every philanthropic pie. He put his relatives and cronies on his boards and then tried to run them and the boards too. He had a grand time, and everybody enjoyed seeing the fun he got out of it. In a word he was human — very. Even his agnosticism was an asset. It relieved him nicely of the possible aspersion of hypocrisy.

On the other hand, Mr. Rockefeller was religious, gave largely to foreign missions, attended church regularly, and said grace before meals. Throughout most of the period of Mr. Rockefeller's colossal giving, the public which was benefiting by it heard little of the donor and continued to regard him as the ogre of Miss Tarbell's grim tale. He shunned every sort of publicity. He never gave out interviews or expressed any opinions on matters of public or other interest. Nobody knew what he thought and very little about what he did or how he lived. Extraordinary tales of his parsimony were widely circulated by the press. The old gentleman must have had many a chuckle over all this rumpus, probably feeling that if he donated fifty millions to Chicago University he might be permitted to give a nickle to whom he chose without harsh criticism. In spite of possessing the largest fortune in the history of the world he remained a man of the simplest, — almost ascetic, — habits; frugal, methodical, conscientious, with a horror of any form of waste; the most devoted of husbands, the most affectionate of fathers, — near to saintliness in his private life. He did not regard the money he had as his. He felt that he had been charged with a duty in amassing it and that he was now charged with the duty of disbursing it; and he proceeded to do the one just as efficiently as he had done the other. Just as no one has ever lived who could challenge his supremacy as an organizer and administrator of business, so no one in the world's history has given so wisely and productively as John Rockefeller, Senior.

Yet, curiously enough, we don't like our millionaires to be too good; and if they seem to be so, we are inclined to look for the weak spots in the armor of their righteousness. At bottom, I suppose, is the instinctive feeling that since to err is human, perfect rectitude has something slightly inhuman about it and savors a little of business. We like to think that our rich men are kindly, approachable fellows, whose hearts are as big as their consciences, if not bigger. If cleanliness be next to Godliness,

austerity is hand-maid to severity. The higher you climb the mountain of perfect conduct the purer the air and the colder the temperature. We distrust the man who has his emotions under perfect control for the simple reason that we suspect he hasn't any.

This was true of the attitude originally taken by the public towards the elder Rockefeller. But gradually public opinion began to modify. It had originally been hostile and eager to fasten on picayune personal peculiarities as evidences of underlying malevolence. Ten years later the sneer had a chuckle in it. Wise old boy, "John D.!" The "John D." did the trick. The abstract idea of a supernatural "robot," a human machine, gave place to that of a simple-minded old gentleman of democratic habits, amiably addicted to golf and brand new nickles, who, while a Baptist, bore a striking resemblance to Pius the Ninth. "John D." became a person no longer disliked and hardly even feared, although still furtively regarded as capable of getting away with almost anything in a business deal. The personal broadmindedness exhibited in the selection of his aides increased public respect. In philanthropy at least he had demonstrated himself as one hundred per cent efficient and one hundred per cent pure.

The same economy was employed in the giving as in the amassing. Not a dollar but represented a hundred cents. There was and is no "water" in this aggregation of monster benevolences. It is the perfection of scientific giving. Disease is eliminated at its source by a mass attack. "We try to bunch our hits", as the younger John expresses it. Enterprises for the elevation and benefiting of mankind, too vast in their nature for popular subscription, too broadly international in their scope for any single government are undertaken and accomplished. The Rockefeller Foundation took over the entire Belgian relief. It endowed the University of Chicago. It contributed fifty millions towards the increase of teachers' salaries throughout the country. It has built one of the finest medical colleges in the world in the City of Pekin.

All this time, however, the Rockefeller fortune was continuing to grow to the tune of about a hundred dollars per minute. The more money old John gave away, the more kept coming in. He could not keep up with it. It became a tremendous burden. Hence his organization of the machinery for its distribution by experts.

But these expert philanthropists to whom he delegated the work of the Foundations, the General Education Board, the Rockefeller Institute, and the like, could only disburse and direct the expenditure of the moneys given to those corporations. How much he gave them depended on how well they showed they could do the work. He still retained immense sums in his personal control. That is where young John came in.

John D. Rockefeller, Junior, the most liberal-minded of all the greater multimillionaires, was born in Cleveland, January 29th, 1874, and graduated from Brown University in 1897 at 23 years of age, when his father was but fifty-eight. Thus he became associated with his father in business several years before the first benevolent corporation was chartered, and has seen and participated in the development of all of them. He is to-day the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation. He has been instrumental in distributing for philanthropic purposes more money than any individual in the world's history.

Yet, — and this is worth noting! — his real significance lies in an entirely different direction, — in the advanced ideas regarding the management of business and the relations of capital and labor, which he has actually put into practice in various enterprises in which he has an interest and the adoption of which by his associates he is seeking to secure in big industry throughout the country. He is one of the two striking figures in the Billionaire Era. Henry Ford is, of course, the other. Rockefeller stands for the distribution of wealth, just as his father stood for its accumulation. Ford does not have any financial significance. He is not interested in money; he distrusts and dislikes it. I don't think he really knows much about it. He takes no stock in "economic law," hates "Wall Street," and regards bankers as crooks. Wealth to him is "goods," "machines" — not dollars.

Rockefeller and Ford are both revolutionary men. Each stands for an entirely new idea.

Let us take young John first. Where did he get the liberal kink that makes his name anathema to most of the old timers in big industry and that leads him to issue such a challenge to capital as that contained in his Atlantic City speech in 1919, in which he told the members of the National Chamber of Commerce that the *primary charge* on industry should be the welfare of the worker,



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

Who believes that the Golden Rule can be so applied that it will solve the problems of business no less effectively than those of everyday life

to which profits should be subordinated if not, when necessary, entirely abandoned?

It has grown entirely out of his conscientious attempt to discharge the trust which he regards as having been placed upon him through the possession of this great fortune. No one else probably has ever inherited such a momentous obligation.

In his novel called "Majesty," Couperus the Dutch author has vividly portrayed the crushing sense of responsibility, the overwhelming anxieties, and the self-distrust of a conscientious young man about to ascend one of the thrones of Central Europe. That the book should have been written in 1905 is extraordinary, although that it should not have stayed the downfall of kings is not surprising.

The book, however, has permanent value in that it will assist future generations in their difficult attempt to visualize a defunct genus. For most of us a king will always be a fierce, helmeted warrior with rattling sabre rather than the elderly gentleman in a gray pot hat with field glasses, smoking a cigar, that he frequently was. In any event it is unlikely that the smoke of the cigar will ever effectually obscure the flash of the sword so far as kings are concerned. Mark Hanna will go down to history as a corpulent, corporate monster, tattooed with dollar marks rather than the simple, loyal, and lovable man depicted by Herbert Croly.

There is a somewhat similar misapprehension in regard to the present protagonist of the Rockefellers. It is worth while to get him right. The popular idea of a billionaire is a luxury-loving plutocrat, not of a hard-working student of industrial relations, who stands emphatically for the proposition that wrongs done in the name of making money cannot be righted by giving it away afterwards, that the injustice suffered by a lumberjack cannot be balanced against the education of a Chinaman, that oppression in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, cannot be offset by missionary zeal on India's coral strand.

Young John is devoutly religious, but contrary to what might be expected, his views are of the most liberal sort. As he puts it, "My idea of religion consists in love for one's fellow-men as exemplified in the life of Christ on earth. Nothing else is of vital importance." In addition to his natural tendency towards religion and the religious atmosphere in which he was brought up, he was

trained by his father to give from his earliest years. His whole life has been devoted to philanthropy. It is not surprising that this natural humanitarianism should focus itself upon the welfare of the thousands of men employed in the industries associated with his name.

When we consider that from the time he graduated from college the junior Rockefeller has always known that at any moment he might be charged with the entire responsibility of carrying on all of the various enterprises over which his father exercised control, of protecting his interests in all the others, of properly investing his surplus income and safe-guarding the investments previously made, of carrying on his father's vast philanthropies, and of framing industrial policies which would have an immediate and direct effect upon hundreds of thousands of his fellow human beings, the parallel between this young man and the imaginary hero of Couperus's novel "Majesty", the youthful Prince Othomar looking forward with dread anxiety to the responsibilities of his impending kingship, becomes apparent if not striking.

The same changes had come over the world during the reign of the mythical King Oscar as during the lifetime of the elder Rockefeller. New ideas, — some of them iconoclastic and violent, — had become current. It was recognized in silk stocking circles that labor had sometimes not been treated as equably as it might have been in the past. The masses stirred and became articulate through a horde of professional uplifters, reformers, sociologists, and labor leaders, many of whom were sincere and some of whom were even sound in argument and conservative in statement. The leaders of big industry began to take a sudden interest in "Welfare" and "Social Service." But while this was good enough for the hoboes who pretended that they wanted to sleep on pew cushions, it did not satisfy the self-respecting radical, who refused to accept as charity that which he claimed was his of right and who was blatantly communistic or syndicalistic until the Russian débâcle tempered his outcry to one for government ownership.

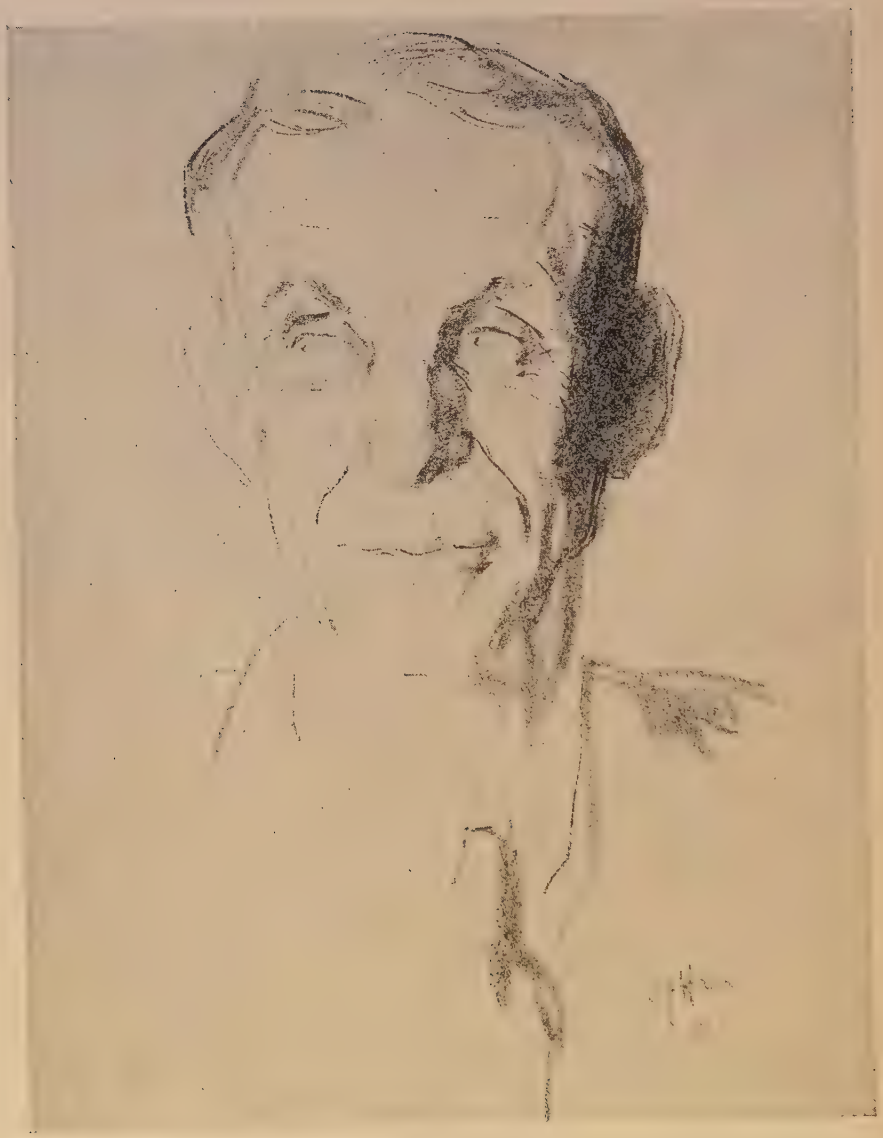
Then a few old-timers came to recognize that there was something in the "brotherhood of man" idea, — even from a business point of view. It became fashionable to talk about applying the "Golden Rule in Industry." A lot of business men all over the country hopped upon the tailboard of the philanthropic band

wagon and shouted through their megaphones that they were going to do it. For a while it was a pretty good "ad". Half of those who were shouting the loudest couldn't have told what the Golden Rule was. Anyhow they all had different ideas about it. Now, inasmuch as the world has always, — biologically, economically, and socially, — been organized on a competitive basis since long before the dawn of history, and since accumulated capital alone has made civilized progress possible, — most of us are content to sidestep the matter and applaud on general principles every man who announces that he is going to apply the Golden Rule to his business or Christianity to his factory, without bothering our heads over what the Golden Rule as applied to industry really is.

Young Rockefeller believes that the Golden Rule can be so applied that it will solve the problems of business just as it will in every-day life. He says he never yet has been confronted with one of which it could not prove the solution. When the richest man in the world says that, it is worth listening to.

What does he mean by it? Does he mean that every man ought to strip himself to the buff and give away his clothes? Divide up everything all around? By no means! The Golden Rule to which he pins his faith is the Rule of Justice, of looking out for the other fellow as well as for yourself, of regarding the working man "as a human being first and a member of industry afterwards." He thinks that is good Christianity and good business. He believes that the more that capital looks after the interests of labor, the more profits there will be for capital. He says it's nonsense for two men who are essentially in partnership — allies — to stand glaring and shaking their fists at one another if they expect to get anywhere. He thinks that capital, labor, management, and public all ought to be represented in the control of big industry and have a voice in its policies.

There is no slush or sentiment about his attitude. He is a hard-headed business man in business, and a hard-headed business man in philanthropy too. This "brotherhood of man" he believes to be a sound proposition. He is of the opinion that labor has often been denied its rights. He thinks it shortsighted to make labor fight for what is just, and that capital should of its own accord find out what is equitable and see that labor gets it.



HENRY FORD

Who has put the automobile within the reach of every man's purse and who dreams of a world where everything is done by machinery

But, — and here is the main point, — he says Christianity demands that the welfare of society as a whole is the first thing to be considered, and that if the worker can't have a decent place to live, short enough hours for rest and recreation, wages sufficient for health and comfort, and still pay six per cent, then he for one is willing to take five, four, three, two, one, or a half of one per cent instead of six, in order that the laborer may have his due. The only qualification is that when the returns fall below a certain point the enterprise will cease to be productive and die, as he says it then should. In a word, Rockefeller, who to most people is the symbol of capital, is preaching its duty to labor. An interesting situation, is it not?

He has his scheme of Industrial Representation working in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and in parts of the Consolidation Coal Company in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. Why doesn't he introduce it everywhere? Simply because neither he nor his father owns or controls any business enterprise whatsoever. Fifteen per cent is the maximum of their holdings, except in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company where they have forty per cent. But he is working all the time to make his associates see the light, "boring in," "plugging along," exerting a "moral pressure," which I fancy is substantial enough!

The junior Rockefeller has inherited a keen acquisitive instinct, which shows itself in his insistence upon productivity in all his investments, including his philanthropies. The older man had to fight poverty; the younger is fighting wealth. He is glad to give it away but he insists on its paying dividends in human benefit. There must be a profit in both the getting and the giving.

Of course the younger John gets no thrill out of his money. He is a simple, retiring, hard-working hyper-conscientious fellow, who takes his wealth and his duty towards it seriously. It bothers him. What pleasure he has consists in walking, driving, playing his violin, and occasionally dancing a little. But as far as money is concerned he has no interest in it; and in fact what we call Rockefeller's *money*, — in contradistinction to Henry Ford's, — isn't money at all. It is only a comparatively small bundle of papers in a drawer in a safe deposit vault down on Beaver Street, New York City. Those papers represent investments in productive

industry making "goods" for the public and "wages" for the worker, the profits of which are almost automatically re-invested in the same or similar enterprises making more goods and giving more employment. John Rockefeller never has more than $50,000 cash balance available in his banks at any one time; Henry Ford will leave a few millions around most anywhere!

You see, as the years have gone on and the millionaire era has become the billionaire era, the virus of acquisition has built up its own antitoxin. People now have a great deal more sense about money than they used to have. They know that no matter how much man has he can't eat it or drink it up or wear it out himself; that beyond a limited amount there is small profit in its possession. We're a good deal calmer and a good deal less mad about getting money than we used to be; and at the same time we have lost that antagonism and distrust of capital, — unhappily much of it then justified, — which culminated in Roosevelt's time. Income and inheritance taxes of themselves play havoc with great private fortunes.

We are glad to have a good fellow like young John Rockefeller administer what is left for our benefit. The people of the United States gave the oil and all the rest of it to the Rockefellers, and now the Rockefellers are giving it back multiplied a thousand times in health and scientific progress.

The public hatred of wealth has subsided. In many quarters has come instead an anxiety lest we are tending by legislation to impair ambition, destroy initiative, and cripple productive accumulation. A lot of people are wondering what the ultimate outcome of the socialistic attitude towards private property on a big scale is going to be. How long is it going to take for that same attitude to extend to the ownership of property on a smaller scale? What is sauce for the big property man may become sauce for the little one before very long.

And where does Henry Ford come in? There is little that people don't know about him, from "Model A." down to Edsel's new Packard. On the other hand, few appreciate his real significance. Where is he going to land us? Ford's ambition is to build and market a hundred million automobiles so that every child will have one. His "vision" is for a world where everything is done by machines. His perfect man would press a button by the

side of his bed and find himself automatically clad, fed, exercised, amused, and put to bed again. Thirty minutes' work for each of us a day would be enough, he says, to keep civilization going. Pish-posh, Henry! Does anybody suppose you would stop until you'd eliminated the necessity for all work whatsoever? Of course you wouldn't! When you have rearranged everything so that the human "robot" can sit on his front porch and talk to another "robot" friend a thousand miles away on his eye glass string, mow his farm in Mongolia and milk his reindeer in Nova Zembla by wireless, hear and see what is going on upon the other side of the world by looking at a shirt stud, transport himself through the air on a broomstick, and kiss his wife and best girl by radio, — will he be any better off? Before we had motors in New York I used to go down town in a rattling old surface car that took half an hour; but now in your cabriolet, even if you've reduced the price to $590.65 F. O. B. Detroit, it takes an hour. Have I gained anything? Somehow I feel as if I'd lost a little of my liberty. I don't want a nickle-plated stomach or an oxydized liver. I don't want to sit in one place and be artificially respirated and exercised, in order to keep my blood in circulation. I like to work. I like to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow because it makes me hungry to do it that way. For if, Henry, everything is done for us, what eventually are we going to do?

The Billionaire Era is a cycle of seventy years, — the span of one human life! From Commodore Vanderbilt with his little row boat to Henry Ford, — from admiration to hatred, back to wonder and respect! In the interval between the Civil and the World War the relations of capital and labor have been revolutionized. To-day the problem confronting our new millionaires is not how to squeeze the employee, but how to give him all that is justly his in a capitalistic world in which the competitive system is firmly, and probably permanently, intrenched.

How will the present prototypes of our only equivalent to royalty in America be recalled? Will they be pictured as amassers of tainted fortunes, or as trailing clouds of philanthropic glory? Will they be praised as the initiators of labor policies which brought "humanity" into industry, or cursed as Frankensteins who, by the universal introduction of supernatural machines, eventually substituted machinery for humanity itself?

CARLYLE TRANSPOSED

James Thayer Addison

"German reparations" and "French security" are good standard topics for discussion. But we have grown rather tired of the arguments on both sides. We should welcome the injection of something fresh and original. The Dawes Report and the London Conference have brought relief so far as "reparation" goes. American business ability and the English and French common-sense of Macdonald and Herriot have come to provide refreshment after the futility of Poincaré's Sunday speeches and the haughty epistolary sarcasm of Lord Curzon. But "security" is still debated as wearisomely as ever. From the small stock of ideas repeated with harsh monotony by the "New York Herald Tribune" and the "Boston Transcript" there is no relief in sight. At least I thought so until I found a letter written to the London "Times" on November 11, 1870, by Thomas Carlyle.

I recommend this letter to all whose minds are frayed and harassed by the familiar pro's and con's of France *versus* Germany. In reading it, all you have to do is to substitute "France" for "Germany" and "Germany" for "France," and the result is quite perfect. With these simple directions in mind, let us try the effect of a few passages. Carlyle writes: —

Sir, it is probably an amiable trait of human nature, this cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and afflicted France; . . . and argues, on the part of England, a most profound ignorance as to the mutual history of France and Germany, and the conduct of France towards that Country, for long centuries back. The question for the Germans, in this crisis, is not one of "magnanimity," of heroic pity and forgiveness to a fallen foe," but of solid prudence, and practical consideration what the fallen foe will, in all likelihood, do when once on his feet again. Written on her memory, in a dismally instructive manner, Germany has an experience of 400 years on this point; of which on the English memory, if it ever was recorded there, there is now little or no trace visible. . . . No nation ever had so bad a neighbour as Germany has had in France for the last 400 years; bad in all manner of ways; insolent, rapacious, insatiable, unappeasable, continually aggressive. And now, furthermore, in all History there is no insolent, unjust neighbour that ever got so complete, instantaneous, and ignominious a smashing-down as France has now got from Germany. Germany, after 400 years of ill-usage, and generally of ill-fortune, from that neighbour, has had at last

the great happiness to see its enemy fairly down in this manner; and Germany, I do clearly believe, would be a foolish nation not to think of raising up some secure boundary-fence between herself and such a neighbour, now that she has the chance.

And the prophet cites some aggressive chapters from the records of Louis XI and Francis I and Richelieu. Omitting a few pages of such evidence, we find an even richer passage to enjoy: —

The French complain dreadfully of threatened "loss of honour"; and lamentable bystanders plead earnestly, "Don't dishonour France; leave poor France's honour bright." But will it save the *honour* of France to refuse paying for the glass she has voluntarily broken in her neighbour's windows? The attack upon the windows was her dishonour. Signally disgraceful to any nation was her late assault on Germany; equally signal has been the ignominy of its execution on the part of France. The honour of France can be saved only by the deep repentance of France; and by the serious determination never to do so again, — to do the reverse of so forever henceforth. . . . For the present, I must say, France looks more and more delirious, miserable, blamable, pitiable, and even contemptible. She refuses to see the facts that are lying palpable before her face, and the penalties she has brought upon herself. . . . I know not when or where there was seen a nation so covering itself with *dis*honour. If, among this multitude of sympathetic bystanders, France have any true friend, his advice to France would be: To abandon all that, and never to resume it more. . . . The inexorable fact is, she has left herself without resource or power of resisting the victorious Germans; and her wisdom will be to take that fact into her astonished mind; to know that, howsoever hateful, said fact is inexorable, and will have to be complied with, — the *sooner* at the cheaper rate. It is a hard lesson to vainglorious France; but France, we hope, has still in it veracity and probity enough to accept fact as an evidently-adamantine entity, which will not brook resistance without penalty, and is unalterable by the very gods. But indeed the quantity of conscious mendacity that France, official and other, has perpetrated latterly, . . . is something wonderful and fearful. And, alas, perhaps even that is small compared to the self-delusion and "*un*conscious men-

dacity" long prevalent among the French; which is of still feller and more poisonous quality, though unrecognised for poison.

Finally, by way of noting the permanent value of Carlyle as a political thinker and seer, we may quote this concluding paragraph:—

I believe Bismarck will get his Alsace and what he wants of Lorraine; and likewise that it will do him, and us, and all the world, and even France itself by and by, a great deal of good. Anarchic France gets her first stern lesson there, — a terribly drastic dose of physick to sick France! — and well will it be for her if she can learn her lesson honestly. If she cannot, she will get another, and even another; learnt the lesson must be. . . . That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a Nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time. — I remain, Sir, yours truly, T. Carlyle.

Those who now counsel reprisals and revenge, who view with hope and satisfaction the permanent military dominance of one nation over another, and who can think politically only in the melodramatic terms of hero and villain, need trouble no longer to find new expression for their ancient thoughts. They need only turn to Carlyle with a blue pencil, for all they have to say he has already said. And whatever honor as a political prophet may now be his, will perhaps in due course be theirs.



THE PASSING OF DOWD

SARAH LOWRIE

THERE passed away recently in Philadelphia a quaint old character who had transformed himself into an institution, — supreme arbiter of what was right in the matter of family linen. From behind his counter in the shop of J. B. Shephard and Company he dictated to three generations of conservative Philadelphia women. Not only could he distinguish between what was right and what was wrong in the matter of linens; he could also tell at a glance the granddaughter whose grandmother was a Philadelphian.

"'TIS a homely thing, but mine own!" Dowd was not exactly a "homely thing," certainly not a Touchstone's Audrey, but to Philadelphians he was most certainly "mine own." Or rather Philadelphians were Dowd's own, — those, that is, who were of the elect. To be of the elect according to Dowd was to have had a mother or a grandmother who knew good linen when she saw it, and to possess the best linen that Dowd was able, — in spite of wars and rumors of wars, potato famines in Ireland, and flax blights in Russia and Flanders, — to spread out on the counters of the old Philadelphia linen store: a store which Dowd dominated to his own satisfaction at least, though never owned a share of, — to his own satisfaction too, no doubt. For complaisance because of what he was, formed the bulk of Dowd's ego, — it was his to confer a favor, never to receive it.

True, there were offspring of linen-loving grandmothers and mothers who lightly avoided Dowd, trifling souls who ignored their birthright and bought the new supplies of table linen and toweling from mere clerks at Dowd's elbow, hoping thus to avoid the obligation of living up to the past glories of Troy Patterns and Lily of the Valley Sets and Medallion Centers of the finest weave, while they stooped to mere garlands of roses and polka dots and shamrock covering designs of more or less unyielding though serviceable ware. But even in this they counted without their Dowd who, whatever customers he was manipulating, cast an appraising eye on the choosing of the erring and ungrateful truants.

"Your Mama would not have looked at that!" I can still hear him remark scornfully in passing, and somehow without words, even without looks, — perhaps as ants communicate by some

touch of invisible antennae, — the clerk and he would collaborate, and what "Mama" would have chosen, or what Dowd would have decided was a bargain that one's parent could not overlook, would be unwrapped from its board by but a single motion of the wrist; and the weave of the old satiny feel and the old gracious balanced patterns would take the places of the "hotel stuff," — Dowd's name for the sets that his customers were never allowed so much as to contaminate their eyes by looking over and pricing. If he could have had his way he would not have permitted any but handmade weaves, but he knew better than his clients what the family income had gradually worked down to and whether this girl, marrying a total outsider, really deserved to have the outfit her mother had started with, — whether indeed in Kamchatka or Hastings, Nebraska, or Chicago, Illinois, or whatever the outlandish frontier town she and her wedding presents were bound for, the aboriginies who knew not Dowd could not know machine-made from hand, or Irish from German weave.

And yet I do Dowd an injustice; though he had been "Dowd" to my great aunt, and "Mr. Dowd" to my mother, and "that Dowd man" to me, he was never a person, — however much of a personality, — in his attitude of dictator; he was the institution of which the firm, the store, and the employees were integral parts in their private capacities and personifications, in their public intercourse with customers.

Therefore when Dowd suddenly "passed" a month or so ago, even while one trembled for the future usefulness of the firm one knew instinctively that Dowd never would have absented himself for good and all without being sure that the importance of good linen on the table was so firmly established in the habits of those who "carried on" in Philadelphia that even the teachings of Dowd, — line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a good deal, — could at least be safely dispensed with. For of course Dowd knew, — and who better? — that habit has everything to do with the great town of his lifelong propaganda. Once place an institution, — family, receipt, fashion, or sport, — on that firm foundation and it has the sanctity of religion. A thing, even a person, can become a habit too in a very short period if only it or he has the look of having been always a habit

at least somewhere. The attraction must not lie in the Athenian point of view, "What new thing is this?" but in the antiquarian's, "What long-tried and not-found-wanting old thing is this?"

Which is why, I suppose, characters behind counters and behind club windows have alike our respect and trust, because to have a personality that is odd enough to stay fixed, no matter what the contacts may be, is of stability and intrinsic worth to be given due valuation. Decay we understand, but not change. Death does not puzzle us, but sometimes birth does. Socially speaking, one, — if one must be born, — had better just appear, and that, too, very gradually. The triumph would be to have been there so long that no one recollects quite when you came or at whose house you were first to be found a guest.

Dowd knew that, and if he had new customers he pretended even to himself that he had seen them often before. Just as the old colored caterers bow to you with the benevolent air of having served you in your own house; just as the grave and reserved undertaker, who has inherited all his father's business with the old families, meets you on the stair and designates the room in which you deserve to sit with a reminiscent acknowledgment that he has stood in a like capacity on your stair and assigned the mourners of varying degrees, upstairs and downstairs and in the lady's chamber, according to your written list of family and intimates and outsiders.

But that is again a mistaken word! To a true Philadelphian there are no outsiders who can come to a funeral or who are known to the old caterers or whom Dowd even carelessly instructed in the art of choosing table linen. Our grocery men who know our brand of coffee, — and have known it since they were mere boys, — now going on seventy-five years in the trade; our greengrocer who, man and boy, has served us and cheated us and repented afterwards and been ofttimes, indeed always, forgiven these forty years; our corner druggist, retiring this year after sixty years as office boy, clerk, and druggist; together with our grandmother's bridesmaids and our great uncles' cronies at the Fish House Club, — all are alike Philadelphians in our eyes and have equal rights to appear at our funerals and ask after the family in business hours. The "Outsiders" are just people who do not know us, and whom therefore we have no way of knowing. It is

not coldness on our part or even shyness; it is that we are ignorant and therefore unconscious.

Dowd knew that. He let people pass him. Their purchases might have made a difference to his percentage, but he could not be sure that even if he showed them handmade things and spread out his Walls of Troy-bordered napkins they would value his attention. It was not timidity — never that — which gave his glance at them a lack lustre glare; it was a profound unconsciousness of their egos. They did not look like characters; they looked, — well they looked like New Yorkers! That is, they looked as though they knew what was for that moment fashionable and cared and wore it, and wore it so with an accent on the fashion, not on themselves.

Dowd knew very well that none of his people looked like outsiders because none was really fashionable. Something would be wrong, just wrong enough, that is, to be right for a Philadelphia character and wrong for a fashion plate. Dowd knew and did not try with Outsiders. He may have looked snobbish, but his snobbishness and ours is only a kind of dreaminess. Outsiders may be very nice, but how are we to know, — since they are outsiders!

WISH

Mary Wickham Porcher

Give me words that are vital and strong,
And a rhythm that's striding and swinging along!
Oh give me a thought that is stinging and keen,
Like the salt of the sea and a wind sweeping clean!

A BIT OF A BANSHEE

BY TOD ROBBINS



SHAEMAS O'SHEA was walking along Mulberry Lane. He carried a hat, — but not on his head. It was tucked away beneath his arm; and his crop of crisp black curls bobbed this way and that in the mad March breeze. The sullen sun painted his shadow on the sidewalk behind him. Long and thin and black it was, with a droop of the head to the left which bespoke either deep thought or strong drink.

"Well, here I am," young Shaemas was thinking, "clear out of Ireland and all, on a crooked street with the sun being murdered in front of me by the bloody look of the sky, and with never an adventure to lay hand to."

Now it wasn't more than a stride further down Mulberry Lane he'd got, before an adventure pops out of a lopsided house and grabs him by the bony elbow. And like all adventures that happen to young poets, this one was a girl, — only prettier than most, plump as a partridge, with eyes as ornamental as they were useful, which says more for them than ever Shaemas O'Shea said afterwards in spite of the beautiful words the man had on the tip of his pen for a penny apiece.

"You're a poet?" she cried, holding fast to him like she was afraid he might bolt.

"I am," he answers without mincing the matter. "And pleased to serve you," says he with a low bow, "any hour of the day or night."

"Then come along inside," she says. "Mother's waiting."

"Waiting for whom?" he asks, puzzled.

"Why, for you first; and for death afterwards," she replies, dragging him up the stoop by the arm. "Would you be cooling your heels down here when there's a dying woman beckoning to you?"

Well, as Shaemas O'Shea has since told me, his head was in such a whirl from the dark beauty of the lass and the strange tongue of her, that she could have led him straight into the red hot belly of Hell and never a whimper out of him. Was she not an adventure, — and a damned pretty one at that, — and was he not a poet, as mad as most, with a soft spot in his heart and his head for the likes of her?

So Shaemas O'Shea didn't hold back at all, — just followed her lead, up the crumbling stoop of the lopsided house and into a hall as black as a cellar. Pretty soon they came to a door with a flicker of candle-light stealing out through the crack of it.

"Mother," she calls, "I've found my young man."

"Bring him in," says a voice as mournful as the wind wailing through a keyhole. "Bring him in, dearie. There's not much light left in my eyes nor breath in my lungs."

So the girl leads Shaemas O'Shea in by the hand. And there are lighted candles standing on the mantlepiece which show him a little brown mummy of a woman lying in the middle of a big four-poster bed. There are more hairs on her chin than on the top of her head; her eyes are like dying coals in the fireplace; and there are so many deep wrinkles in the weazened face of her that when she opens her mouth to speak it gives him a start, he having guessed that it lay lower.

At the first glance Shaemas sees only her; but now a big, round-bellied priest rises up from the floor where he's been telling his beads, and makes the sign of the cross like he's in dead earnest about it. Trembling all over he is, like a holy man made out of jelly; and he has such a grip on his crucifix that the knuckle-bones in his hands stand out as white as water-washed pebbles.

"Come over to the bed, young man," the old woman croaks, beckoning to Shaemas O'Shea with a skinny forefinger. "You're in time for the wedding."

"And who'll be getting married?" he asks, innocent like, stepping up to her.

"Listen to the gay young spalpeen!" the old woman cried with a twitch of a smile thrown at the priest. "And him a poet, with an imagination and all! Sure, my dear young man, who would be getting married but just you and my daughter, Bridget?"

"But I wasn't thinking of getting married, Mam," says Shaemas O'Shea, knocked all of a heap like.

"Sure, and you wouldn't," she agrees, smooth as syrup. "And what man would be getting married who had given a thought to it first? Father Flynn, are you ready to make them man and wife?"

"I am, Widow Malone," says the priest, hoarse as a crow.

"But *I'm* not ready," Shaemas O'Shea cried out. "Why, I've never been properly introduced to your daughter."

"Marriage will take care of that," she replies. "Sure, 'tis the only way for a girl and boy to be knowing each other! Introduced, is it? Faith, you'd think that this lad was the Prince of Wales, — bad cess to him! — and not a hobble-de-hoy, hayrick poet with more words than praties in his belly!"

"But how did you know I was a poet?" Shaemas O'Shea asks to gain time.

"Never you trouble your poor head over that, my lad," she says, real motherly. "You're a poet, right enough, — both by the look and the smell of you, — and all you're needing is a bit of a wife to steady you. Didn't I see you coming two blocks away; and, me being at death's door with a great sickness, didn't I say to Bridget here: 'There's a husband for you, walking down Mulberry Lane; so just you go out and catch the lad, dearie, and be bringing him in to me.'"

"But my head's spinning around," says poor Shaemas O'Shea. "How could you be telling that I was coming down Mulberry Lane, — you a dying woman, tied to your bed by mortal sickness?"

"That's no great matter," she says, rather proud. "If you must know, 'tis just a touch of second-sight I inherited from my grandmother who was burned for a witch in the old country."

"If it's the gospel truth you're speaking," says Shaemas O'Shea, shaking his head, "Why, then this same second-sight should have told you that there's nothing at all in my pockets but holes. A poet makes a poor husband, if reports of the breed are

true; and a poor poet is like a millstone 'round a pretty girl's neck, and her fallen into the ocean."

"Maybe you're right," replies Widow Malone. "But I've just set my heart on seeing Bridget married and settled down before I'm laid at rest. And there are only two kinds of men would be appreciating my daughter's peculiar gift, — an undertaker and a poet. As for myself, being old and sensible-minded, I favored an undertaker; but Bridget would have none of him."

"I can see your point, Mam," says Shaemas O'Shea, still hopeful. "There's your funeral to be thought of, — the expense of having to do the thing proper outside the family circle. I think it unreasonable and undutiful of Bridget not to be minding —"

But at this point in his fine speech, just as he's thinking of winding it up with a flourish and taking his departure, there comes a sudden interruption which chokes off the high sounding words in his throat. Bridget, who's been holding tight to his arm all this time as silent as sin, lets out a screech with a twitter in the middle of it, like an owl makes in the still of the night, — a weird yowl it was, lonely and drear as the devil's laughter coming up from some deep pit in the earth, — a cry fit to make the goose-flesh ripple up a brave man's back and a bald man thankful that he lost the hair on the top of his head.

Widow Malone sits up as quick as the blade of a jackknife, while Father Flynn begins mumbling a bit of a prayer. And as for Shaemas O'Shea, — why, he gives Bridget's mouth, which is like the letter O, a curious glance and lets on to himself that he'll not be going yet awhile.

"I thought that would interest you," says Widow Malone. "There isn't every girl, my dear young man, born with a gift like Bridget's. Father Flynn be quick with the marriage. Death's got a grip on my throat!"

"Hold on!" cries Shaemas O'Shea. A poet he was, but not the man to lose his head entirely just because a girl had a yowl not common to most. "Hold on!" he says. "I'm not marrying till I learn the truth of this matter. I'll acknowledge that your daughter has just emitted a yell which stirs my imagination. It made me see an evil moon, like a fiery white face with the skull showing through; a bare, wind-twisted tree with a row of vultures perch-

ing on it mournful; a battlefield where dead soldiers are searching for parts of themselves that they lost in the big fight; a funeral where the late-departed is driving the hearse; a suicide; a murder; a —"

"Who cares what you saw?" Widow Malone breaks in with scant ceremony. "Keep your poetry to yourself. I'm only a poor practical, dying woman with a grown daughter to marry off."

"No offense meant, Mam," says Shaemas O'Shea, very humble. "I'm only wanting to know whether this howl of your daughter's was come by naturally?"

"Sure, and it was," the old woman replies. "Her own grandmother was that way till they stones her to death back of the churchyard."

"And what way was that way?" asks Shaemas O'Shea.

"Why a bit of a banshee, to be sure!" Widow Malone cries, nearly out of breath and quite out of patience. "Don't tell me that you, who call yourself a poet, never heard tell of a banshee!"

"I have that, Mam," Shaemas O'Shea replies, speaking up for himself. "They're spirits in the old country that whimper and whine outside a house where they'll be hanging crape in the morning."

"True for you," she says. "That's a banshee. Now sometimes in my gifted family there's a baby born, like Bridget here, with the yowl of a banshee inside her. Sure, it's a strange and wonderful gift!"

"Aye, that it is," puts in Father Flynn. "And it's a rare gift to have a banshee bride."

"That's true enough, holy father," says Shaemas O'Shea. "But is Bridget reliable?"

"As true as the clock strikes," Widow Malone says proudly.

And at that Shaemas O'Shea makes up his mind. He had wanted adventure, — well, here it was to be had for the plucking. A man could go further and fare worse.

"Sure," he says to himself, "Bridget is as pretty a banshee as a lad could find in a night's walk. And that cute little howl of hers stirs the imagination in me. It's a powerful poet I'd be with her at my elbow!"

So when Father Flynn steps up to the pair of them Shaemas O'Shea never so much as blinks an eyelash. Patient as Job he is

till it's all over, and him turned into a husband now, the head of a house with no house to go to, and maybe the father sometime of baby banshees, — patient he is till the knot is tied, then he turns to Widow Malone.

But she isn't there any more, — just the broken shell of her, dead and flat on her back as a flounder. Smaller she looks, and more withered; and the second-sight has flickered out of her rolled-up eyes. The practical dying woman is a practical dead woman now, — with no fun to her at all, like you see sometimes when the going is easy, but just a sour determination writ on her wrinkled old face to be made tidy as soon as may be tucked away in her coffin.

"No wonder she favored an undertaker over a poet," says Shaemas O'Shea to himself with a shudder. "To think that such a practical, far-seeing woman should have given birth to a banshee!"

* * *

Now there are plenty of tales told round the peat fires in old Ireland about Shaemas O'Shea and his banshee bride, Bridget, — black stories for the most part, giving little credit to the pair of them. They do say in the County of Cork, where this grand poet was born, that Shaemas, in spite of his fine scorn of things worldly, was not above hiring out his gifted woman at so much a night to the undertakers. They tell how these undertakers would be leading her from one darkened house to another in the big city till she'd stop short in her tracks, throw back her head, and let out a yowl. And then they say as how these penny-pinching blackguards would be putting down the numbers of the houses where Bridget had stopped so that they could be sending 'round their cards bright and early in the morning.

However that may be, Shaemas O'Shea made money, one way or another, — enough for their passage back to the old country, — and it was here I met him one summer afternoon, with his good wife beside him, sitting pensive like on the top of a hayrick.

"Home again, Shaemas?" says I.

"Home again, Pat," he answers, rather sour, "if you might call this mound of mouldy hay a home."

"Poets have fared worse," I says, remembering his calling.

"Sure, and poets have fared better," he replies with a scowl. "Why, I've been paid as high as a penny a word for my writings in New York City!"

"Your wife?" I inquires.

"Sure, my wife," he lets on mighty proud. "Perhaps you've heard tell that she's a bit of a banshee?"

"I have that," I replies, doffing my hat to the slim, silent, owl-eyed woman beside him. "It's all over Ireland."

"Is that so?" he says, very pleased. "News travels fast in the old country."

"Have you heard tell about your Uncle, Shaemas?" says I. "Not the poor one who through drink is living in Widow Rorke's pigs; but the rich one who owns the grand house on the brow of the hill."

"Not a word, Pat. What's come to him?"

"Nothing — 'less it is death. The man's a sick man, and he's been asking for you."

"I've heard that take before," Shaemas replies with a doubtful shake of the head. "But each time I've gone to his deathbed it was to find that he wasn't so sick that he couldn't get better."

"There's your banshee bride," I reminds him. "Sure, and couldn't she be sniffing out the truth of the matter?"

And at that, Shaemas O'Shea grins all over his face. "A true word you've spoken, Patrick McNulty!" he says from the top of his hayrick. "And to think that it should be *me* who was forgetting what Bridget could do when the mood's on her! To-night, when the moon rises, we'll be taking ourselves up to the meadow back of my dear uncle's house. Maybe he's bought himself a fierce dog, Pat?"

"The devil a one," I tell him, "that a proper banshee couldn't scare the bark out of by just a good yowl or two. I'm wishing you luck, Shaemas; for your uncle's a cruel, hard landlord, and I've been owing him a bit of money these three months past."

"We'll be canceling that bit of a debt," he says, "and all goes well with our venture. Keep your ears open, come midnight, man, and it may be you'll be hearing a bit of a screech. Good-day to you, Patrick McNulty."

Well, it so happened that I didn't give the matter much more thought. That night I slept so sound that I snored the pig awake.

But I was up betimes in the morning and over to the big house to see how Peter O'Shea was faring.

Poorly he looked, with his nightcap set all awry on his head and the face of the man as yellow as ripe corn in the bin. But for all that he wasn't forgetting the trifle of money I was owing him, — him with his treasure chest fairly bursting with gold, enough for a lifetime, and the man's days were fewer in front of him than the toes on his feet!

"Have you a dog that howls at the moon, Pat?" he asks as I'm about to take my departure.

"The devil a one," says I.

"There was such a beast outside my window last night. He kept me awake till morning."

"And that will be a bad omen, Mr. O'Shea," says I.

"The devil a bit," says he. "It's a good omen, and I'll be proving it. My nephew came back to me from foreign parts this day."

"Not Shaemas?" says I, acting surprised like.

"Him and none other," says he. "And he's married a pretty young wife and settled down. 'I'm through with poetry, Uncle Peter,' he tells me. 'I've come home to help you work your land'. And there he is now, down by the brook, plowing up the rich black soil."

"Shaemas O'Shea plowing in this broiling sun?" says I.

"Him and none other," says old man O'Shea very proud. "Just you step down that way, Pat, and you'll be seeing him for yourself."

Well, I did as he told me; and pretty soon I came on Shaemas working like a red hot devil out of hell. Seeing me, he stopped for a moment and wiped the honest sweat out of his eyes.

"I see you've turned farmer, Shaemas," I says.

"Yes, bad cess to that withered limb of an uncle of mine!" he replies with a scowl. "'Tis the only way I can make my peace with him. Six days more, and the place will be mine; then I'm through with this dirty business."

"Six days from now you'll be master here?" I ask.

"Six days and no more," says he. "Bridget yowled six times last night, — a yowl for each day left him, as her custom is, — and, come Saturday next, Uncle Peter will have breathed his last. It's a comforting thing to think on."

"I'd better be off home," I tell him. "You'll be wanting to get back to work."

"Not wanting," says he; "but that old fox has his face to the window, and it's best that I appear industrious. Good day to you, Patrick McNulty."

Well, I bid him good-day and leave Shaemas O'Shea to his toil. And a sweating time he has over it, — he being a poet born and no hand with a plow, — while all the time his uncle's face looks out at him through a bedroom window. And yellow it is as the pumpkins the lads cut eye-holes in for the candle-light to flicker through on an All Souls' Eve; and there's a mad tuft of beard on the chin of it, wiggling this way and that, like a handful of corn-silk caught up by the breeze.

So that's the last I ever see of Shaemas O'Shea's uncle in the live flesh like he was born.

* * *

They'll still be telling in the old country of what a grand gentleman Shaemas O'Shea was making of himself after his good wife, Bridget, — her who was maybe a bit of a banshee, — yowled Peter O'Shea into his grave. And they'll be telling you of the fine clothes he was wearing, and the good drink that brightened the nose of the man, and the rich food that swelled out his belly, — but not a whisper you'll hear as to how he came to be writing that powerful poem that made him famous around the world and back again.

Sure, there's none knows the truth of that business but just myself, and maybe a pig or two, and the little red cock that roosts each night on the foot of my bed, and the calf, — but perhaps he was sleeping, — and the two sheep I bought from Anna Mulvane, and the bit of a little brown hen that cackled and laid an egg in the midst of it. Fowls and dumb beasts, you'll be saying; but are they not the best listeners to a man when black trouble is astride the back of him?

It all came about some six years after Peter O'Shea was laid to rest in the churchyard. A black night it was, with never a star aquiver, — a night fit for witches and banshees and the like of that to be having a fling with us mortals, — a night when a Christian is safer beside his own fireside, with the crucifix handy

to hit the devil over the head and the dirty thief come in by the door.

Well, it was me that was sleeping peaceful that night. Peaceful and warm I was, dreaming a bit of a dream with no harm to it, when all of a sudden I was yanked out of my sleep as though by the hair of the head.

A banshee yowl had come down the wind to me, clear and true as a bugle-call. And the mournfulest yowl it was, — a yowl like a corpse would make should his widow sit on his grave with her lover; a yowl fit to quicken the dead and freeze the living.

"That will be over by the big house," I tell myself. "Bridget is prowling a bit on the grounds. It's Shaemas O'Shea who should be putting a muzzle and chain on her. 'Tis not right that a hard-working man like me should be despoiled of his sleep by a banshee, and she a married woman. It's me that will be putting in a complaint at the big house come morning."

But there I was wrong, for who should come striding down the hill but Shaemas O'Shea before the dawn was gray in the sky. And a sick man he looked, for all the fat of him.

"You're up early, Mr. O'Shea," says I, very polite. "Will you be taking a seat?"

"I will that," says he, "for I'm needing it. And don't be calling me Mr. O'Shea," he says, "but Shaemas, — poor Shaemas O'Shea who married a bit of a banshee."

"Poor?" says I. "Sure, you're having a joke on me."

"The devil a joke, Pat," he says, very serious. "Poor I said and poor I'm meaning. A man's wealth lies in the days of his life, — for the doing of God's work and the like of that, — and it's Shaemas O'Shea who will be cold as the fish in the sea come the Sabbath! It's a dying man I am, Pat, — me who was a grand poet in New York City!"

"A dying man?" says I. "Sure, you're having a bit of a joke, Mr. O'Shea. Young you are yet, — young and fast as a round-rumped bullock. 'Tis my own self is nearer the graveyard."

"Not so it is," he says, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "Just give ear to what I'll be telling you."

"I'm all ears," says I, "and eyes for the crying. Tell us your tale, Mr. O'Shea."

"To-night's a black night," says he, "a black and sorrowful night for Shaemas O'Shea. Sleeping I was and dreaming a bit of a dream of all the good I was doing the countryside, when what should I hear but a bit of a screech.

"'That will be Bridget,' I tell myself, 'singing her song of death outside of old Squire Clancy's door, — him whom I housed for the night after his hunter went lame on him. I'd best be getting my hand over her mouth for this is no way to be entertaining a guest at the dead of the night.'

"Well, Pat," says he, "I was half right and half wrong, as the saying is. It was Bridget, sure enough; but the devil a bit she was serenading Squire Clancy. She was nearer home. Nearer did I say? By the saints above and the devils below, there she sat at the foot of my bed, — she, in her nightgown and slippers, with a dreamy look in her big black eyes, — there she sat, with her head thrown back, howling her own good man into his grave!"

"Maybe there's some mistake, Mr. O'Shea."

"The devil a mistake!" says he. "Six yowls she let out of the ungrateful throat of her, — the throat down which my partridges have gone, and my pastry, and my wine, — six yowls and no more, a yowl for each day in which the breath of life is left me. A cruel business, Pat!"

"Cruel and hard, Mr. O'Shea," says I very polite, but not forgetting the bit of silver I'd been owing him for more than a month. "Cruel and hard, sir, but the ways of the Almighty are passing strange."

"This is more like the work of the devil," says he. "It'll be a black day for Ireland when they'll be putting Shaemas O'Shea under the sod. It was me who was a grand poet in New York City," he says. "Did you know that they paid me a penny a word for my writings, Pat?"

"I did that," I replied. "Sure, it must have been the fine words you had in you! But where have they all flown to since you got back to the old country?"

"I've wasted them," says he, "on the viper I took to my bosom. And for all the fineness of them, and the worth of them, and the grand sound they made when flung on the air, it's her that's closed her ears to them more times than once! An extravagant woman when it came to wasting her husband's words, Pat!"

"True for you, sir," says I. "It's you that's been too kind to her."

"I have that," says he. "And who should be more grateful than a banshee when a man is willing to be lending her his good name?"

"And her to be keeping it after he has no further use for it," says I. "'Tis she that should be grateful, Mr. O'Shea."

At that Shaemas O'Shea rises up in a hurry and lets on that it's time he was taking to his bed. "It's only decent," says he, "that a dying man should stay on the flat of his back and not be lending false hope to others by walking about brave in the sunlight."

"And how are you faring, Mr. O'Shea?" says I.

"As well as could be expected with death 'round the corner," says he. "Draw up your chair, Pat, for there's a poem I want to be reading you."

But just as I'm doing what he asks me, and just as he's turning over his papers and clearing his throat, who should come in by the door but her who was Bridget Malone. As pale as a moonbeam she is; and she stands there staring at the two of us with the great round eyes of an owl. Then she lets a little low cry out of her, like a starving cat makes when a bird swoops over its head, and down she sinks at the foot of the bed all of a heap like. And silent she is from that time forward, — more silent than is healthy in a woman whose husband is reading his poetry.

"You heard her, Pat?" says Shaemas O'Shea with a bitter smile. "And that's the viper I've treasured in my bosom!"

"A sad end to be yowled into the grave by the missus," says I.

"Sad is no name for it," says he. "But as the tongue of her is quiet for the time, we'll just be getting on with the poem."

Now you've all heard tell of "The Lament of Shaemas O'Shea," for it's a poem that has been 'round the world like a traveling salesman. But there are deaf people and blind people and people with no more book learning in their heads than have Widow Rorke's pigs, and to them I'll be having a word to say on the matter.

"The Lament of Shaemas O'Shea" is a sorrowful poem with six parts to it, — one part for each day after Bridget howled first in the dead of the night. Starting out in a rage and a blind

wonder and a questioning of Providence who has blundered so badly as to bundle such a gifted man into his grave, we find this grand poem winding along more tranquilly and sorrowfully and philosophically to the sea of death.

And now Shaemas is wondering why the sweet little flowers are creeping up from the earth when soon there will be no proper nose in all Ireland to sniff the fragrance out of the hearts of them. And won't the moon be wearing a widow's veil for Shaemas O'Shea, — for him who sang about the white loveliness of her in New York City for a penny a word? Sure, she would be doing just that. Then what would the lovers do, and the mad people, and the tides she beckoned up on the beach? And the sun? Wouldn't he be thinking it was a cruel injustice to his good friend Shaemas O'Shea and not be lending his warmth and his light to the world any more? And the stars? Who had treated them so kind in poetry as just Shaemas O'Shea? Were they the ones to forget? And there were the birds, and the wind, and the grass underfoot, and the tall trees that wagged their green tongues in the gloaming, and the great blue sea beyond, — sure, what would be the use of them all once Shaemas O'Shea was laid in his grave?

Sure, it's a grand poem, whether you look at it from in front or behind. And Shaemas O'Shea was the man to do it justice that night.

"Well, what are you thinking of it, Pat?" said he when he had done.

"A great and grand poem, Mr. O'Shea!" I tell him, wiping the tears out of my eyes. "It's a genius you are, and a credit to Ireland!"

"That's true enough," says he, without mincing the matter. "Now just be taking a look at the clock yonder."

"It's midnight," says I.

"To the minute?" he says, sitting bolt upright in bed and looking surprised.

"To the minute, Mr. O'Shea," says I, "and a fraction beyond."

"Then it's me should be a dead man!" cried Shaemas O'Shea. "'Twas at midnight that Bridget first started to yowl!"

"And are you not feeling sick?" says I.

"The devil a bit!" he replies, hopping out of bed as brisk as a cat. "What can be the meaning of it? Bridget!" says he, giving his

wife a shake by the shoulder. "Bridget," he yells, "it's past midnight, and I'm still on the two feet of me!"

But she makes him no answer, — just lies there regardless of the man and his hand on her shoulder. And now the truth sweeps over Shaemas O'Shea like an ocean wave and drops him to his knees.

"She's dead," he says in a low voice. "Bridget is dead."

"And it will not be as bad as that," says I.

"She's dead," he says, like he hadn't heard me at all. "And to think that it was me who called her this and called her that, — thinking that she was yowling Shaemas O'Shea into his grave while all the time it was only her own death she was giving tongue to under the moon! Sure, Bridget, my darling, it's a sad and desolate man you're leaving behind."

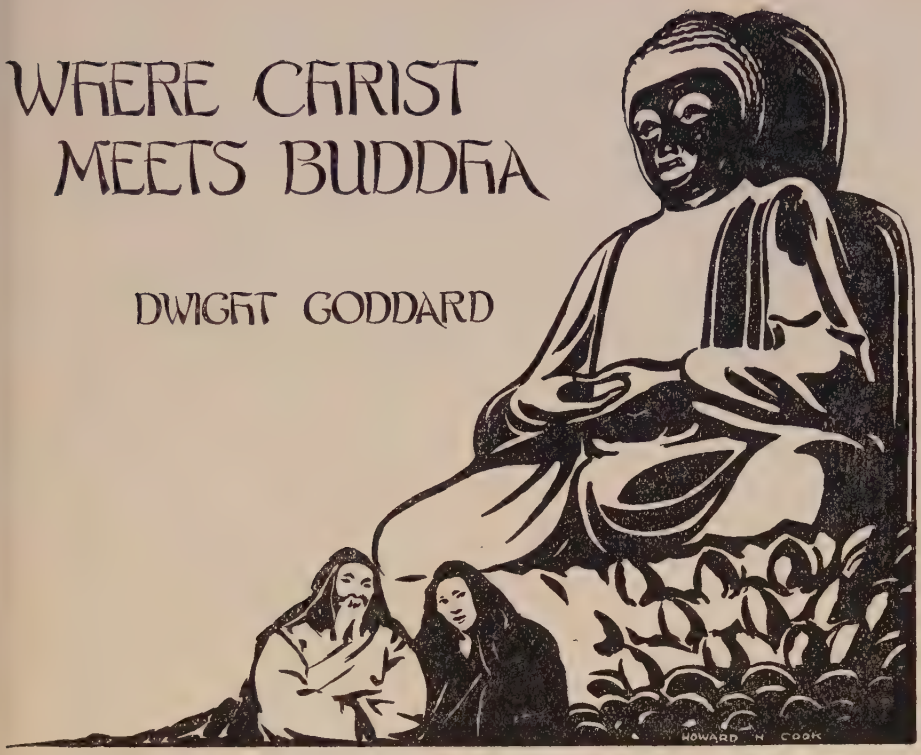
"But a fine poet, Mr. O'Shea," I says to console him.

"Aye, thanks to Bridget here," says he, looking up through his tears. "'Twas her and the gift of her that went into the making of 'The Lament of Shaemas O'Shea.' And oh, Pat," he says in a voice all broken with sobs, "'twas a grand adventure to be married to a bit of a banshee!"



WHERE CHRIST MEETS BUDDHA

DWIGHT GODDARD



THE two greatest religions of the world are not really far apart. They are divided by unessentials of dogma, which have grown up during the centuries, not by difference in fundamental principles, for in these respects they are at one. Buddhists have no antagonism toward Christians, so that once the antagonism of Christian toward Buddhist is eliminated it would be possible to secure the close coöperation, and possibly even the eventual solidarity, of the religions of Jesus and Gautama in the interests of the brotherhood of man.

IN the deeper philosophy of Buddhism there is much that is closely akin to what is generally accepted as Christian truth. Buddhists believe in a divine trinity just as Christians do. It differs in different sects, but in essence it is similar. The First Person is the Uncreated Essence of Buddhahood, the absolute ground of all being. What Christians call God, Buddhists call Amitabha Buddha, and the very name and conception of Amitabha, which means Lord of Boundless Life and Light and Love, has distinct derivation from Gnostic and Christian sources. The Second Person is always some historical incarnation of essential Buddhahood who, like Gautama, has come to earth to show men the way of salvation and who is now glorified in



Nirvana, or like Maitreya, who is the Buddha that is yet to come. The Third Person is Kway-yin, who is conceived of as expressing the inexhaustible and eternal activity of the spirit of divine mercy and compassion.

The ever-present conception of Nirvana, the pure land, is very much the same as what Christians call heaven, except that the emphasis is on a state of being, rather than on any idea of place. Both Christians and Buddhists see evil, not as an abstract principle, or objective demons, but as a moral reaction of the soul; Buddhists see its cause in physical desire, Christians, in willful disobedience. Both see a way of salvation through faith in a Divine Person; Buddhists through restraint of desire, Christians through obedience of will. If we consider "will" as predominant desire, the similarity is closer still. Buddhist ideals of purity, goodness, moral beauty, mercy, kindness, love, faith, trust, are identical with Christian ideals. Their evaluation of prayer and meditation is even higher than among Christians. Their practice of public worship is very similar to what is known as high-church, liturgical Christian worship. Both see the marks of discipleship in a life of love; to the Buddhists it is characterized by moral purity, kindness, gentleness, self-restraint; to the Christians it is characterized by loving service, especially as it is expressed in social and institutional ways. In both there is the recognition of a divine element in human nature that is the ground of, and which ultimately will be unified in, the Divine. Both religions aim at bringing humanity into this unity; Buddhism sees the goal of salvation to be an undifferentiated participation in the unified moral purity of Nirvana; Christianity sees the goal to be a con-

scious fellowship in a unified Life hid with Christ in God, which, after all, is not so very different.

Christians believe the soul to be a persisting entity; Buddhists do not, and therefore Buddhists differ from Christians in the emphasis which they place on spiritual values rather than on legalistic relations. The very nature of Buddhism makes it tolerant of other religions; it has never been guilty of cruel persecutions in the name of religion, or for the defense of its doctrines. Except in the rivalries of emperor and *shogun* in Japan, it has never been concerned in war, either directly or indirectly.



But there is one difference that is crucial, before which all others shrink out of sight as of relative unimportance. The crucial difference lies in a single word, the little word "only." Buddhists believe there have been many Buddhas in the past, and that there are many to come as the world has need of them. They adore Gautama and see in him, the Blessed One, the "One who has attained." The One who is now exalted to be one with all the Buddhas. On the contrary, Christians believe that Jesus the Christ is the only begotten Son of God. If Christians would be willing to think of Jesus as one of the world's divine saviors, who, like Gautama, has been exalted to sit at the right hand of God the Father and to be one with Him in Glory, — if Christians would be willing to omit that one tiny word "only," — there is no other reason why these two great world religions might not federate to-morrow. Only one little word, but it has made Christianity from the beginning exclusive and intolerant, and plunged it into a maze of bewildering dogma. The mere mention of it here is likely to arouse prejudice; but men-

tioned it must be, for in this vision of Christian and Buddhist fellowship there must be no reservations of dogmas that are too sacrosanct to be talked over in a friendly, tolerant, and honest fashion.

There are good historical reasons for believing that the deeper things which the two religions have in common are due, in part at least, to missionary contact during the first five or six centuries of the Christian Era. During that time they spread along the great trade routes from Asia Minor to India and China, side by side and in intimate contact, and in complete accord. It is known positively that the two faiths were in very friendly contact during the seventh century in West China. There are a number of historical references to particular Buddhist monks and Christian missionaries collaborating in translations and commentaries; and in one imperial edit they were warned to keep their different activities separate.

There is a tradition that Saint Thomas carried Christianity to India and that it was his converts who first carried it into Central Asia. And it was in Central Asia, where primitive Buddhism came into contact with Gnosticism and Gnostic Christianity of the Manichaean and Syrian type, that it took on its Mahayanist form which is so dominating in present-day Buddhism of China and Japan.

During the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, the government of China was nationalistic and Confucian, and determined efforts were made to drive out these two foreign religions. Meanwhile the rise of Mohammedism had separated Christianity in Asia from the home churches in Europe, so that when the persecutions passed over, the Nestorian Christian Church in China had disappeared. Recent historical research tends to prove that what was left of it was absorbed in the more powerful but friendly Buddhist Church, which would explain the deep-seated friendliness which undoubtedly still exists between the two religions in China and Japan to-day.

All of these things go to prove that Buddhism as it exists to-day in China and Japan is already half-way Christian; but if the historical steps can not be proved, or later on should be disproved, the fact of similarity remains and can be explained even more satisfactorily by the conception of the Divine Logos working by the Holy Spirit in all religions and independent of the historical

stream. Present-day Buddhist scholars count John's Gospel as being most in harmony with Buddhist ideas, and in that gospel this view is presented: that the Logos was in all things from the beginning preparing them for ultimate unification in God. This idea is acceptable to Chinese scholars and is already being used by a number of new sects for the very purpose of harmonizing the inherited differences of religious belief of their members. And this is as it should be, for after all the essential likeness of Buddhism and Christianity does not lie in dogma and philosophy so much as it does in the common faith of their founders, — that love lies at the heart of the universe.

While in China in the spring of 1923, the writer discussed these things with several prominent Christian leaders, both foreign and native, and especially with Bishop Logan H. Roots of the American Episcopal Church. Bishop Roots is one of the secretaries of the recently organized National Christian Council of China. He is deeply interested in the question of how the Christian church may become more indigenous, and he is also sympathetic toward the Buddhist faith. In the course of our conversations we came back again and again to the wish: "If only the Buddhist faith itself could be Christianized." And out of these conversations there came a vision of how it might be realized through sympathetic understanding.

The situation is this: at present the Christian church stands in an antagonistic attitude toward Buddhism, the opposite of which is not true, as the Buddhist Church is and always has been friendly toward Christianity. But at present there is no free contact between them. One can easily make a friendly acquaintance with an individual monk, but that is as far as it goes. What is needed is the mechanism for a larger and more continuing contact; a known and fixed place of meeting; a magazine and literature that will be of mutual interest and mutual circulation; a repository for books and research materials of mutual concern; a centre for discovering friendships and for conserving the fruits of friendships.

The vision that came to us was this: we saw what was in outward appearance a Buddhist monastery but what was in reality a Christian hospice. It was located in some convenient Buddhist centre, like Hangchow or Nanking, and somewhat apart from the

busy city. It was in the midst of a beautiful park whose very atmosphere was conducive to quiet meditation and the exchange of serious thought. There was a larger building that had conveniences for library, lecture hall, and studies; there was a chapel beautifully decorated and equipped for the liturgical worship so dear to the Buddhist brother, and smaller chapels for private meditation; and there were outlying buildings, a hospitality hall, and dwellings for the staff, consisting of a director, a chaplain, and two Chinese secretaries.

It is characteristic of the hospice that there is to be no propaganda; it is a place for friendly fellowship, to which may come those who are sympathetically interested in the deeper things of Buddhism and Christianity. Its atmosphere is the peaceful quiet of a Buddhist monastery rather than the bustle and business of a Christian conference. The director and chaplain must be equipped with both English and Chinese learning, must be liberal and tolerant of mind, humble by nature, free from dogmatism and pride, and mystically minded.



It will be a place for friendly exchange of thought where missionaries may come for rest and meditation; it will be a clearing-house for the exchange of speakers at annual conferences, and a place for the accumulation of research material and publication of a magazine and books for circulation among both Christians and Buddhists. These are the immediate objects. The great purpose is more distant but is all-important, namely: to provide a centre from which may radiate that friendly and understanding sympathy that we believe in the long run will draw Christian and Buddhist together into one native church.

THE STIRRING OF YOUTH

ALLAN ARMSTRONG HUNTER

IN America, as elsewhere throughout the world to-day, youth is stirring into consciousness of the vast social problems of the age. Informally, spontaneously, irrepressibly the youth of the nation is coming together and demanding the right to ask why. Through open discussion, unshackled by the prejudices of race, religion, or social caste, youth is seeking to create the soil out of which there may grow in time solutions to the problems of war, of sex, and of industrial relations which are so menacing to-day.

THIS question is becoming more and more frequent, "Is there a youth movement in America?" Older people ask it with uplifted eyebrows and in a tone of mingled incredulity and suspicion. Younger people ask it with hope. The former and sometimes the latter make the mistake of demanding a cut-and-dried program.

"An organized youth movement," says a Dutch student at Columbia University, "is a contradiction in terms. You can't have the free, spontaneous expression of spirit for which youth stands, and at the same time have it all manipulated through some office." In other words, we cannot whistle and say, "Go to! We'll have a youth movement!" If it is to come it will not be from artificial stimulation, but through an irrepressible bubbling up of *élan*, a whole-hearted reaching out for life.

Already there are signs of this in America. They are not found in the juvenile defiance popularized so vividly in the magazines and motion pictures: the boisterous reaction of the younger set against some of the established amenities and traditions. Petting parties and "a needless and ostentatious display," not of learning but of liquor are their pride. True, they believe in frankness, directness, camaraderie, and self-expression, — but only within the limits of their own club or fraternity. At heart they are contented with things as they are; usually they expect of life pretty much what their elders expect: high-powered cars and pretty clothes and country clubs, prestige and pleasure. Those girls in New York finishing schools who boast of never having seen the inside of a subway are a caricature, if not a parable, of this sanctified inertia, an attitude described by a visiting Swiss student as "sincere stupidity."

Now all this is utterly alien to the youth movement, the heart

of which is social consciousness, — the eagerness to venture beyond the complacencies into which one has been born. There is a chasm, generally ignored, between those in the younger generation who are pledged to the *status quo* and those who would go forward. It is a difference that cannot be too insistently stressed.

But what evidence is there of a stirring among the rising generation so widespread and potent as to issue in a movement? Are there young and kindred spirits, who are now drawing together and articulating their demands with enough energy and determination to challenge their elders?

* * *

One cannot easily generalize here, but what happened at the beginning of this year in Indianapolis indicated that something far more significant is developing than most older people have suspected. At the Student Volunteer convention which represented perhaps a million undergraduates in Canada and the United States, there blazed out a fire of protest against the type of society that breeds war and race prejudice which was a shock to many older witnesses. More than five thousand young men and women from all over the country met together in discussion groups where they expressed their varied and sometimes conflicting points of view with astonishing candor. For example, a charming Junior from a Southern girls' college stated exactly how she felt about Negroes: "We can only deal with them on a strictly business basis." A dignified young Negro eight seats over jumped to his feet to tell her and the other hundred students of the group that his race was not asking for inter-marriage; they simply wanted straightforward justice, a chance to ride on street cars, to draw books from public libraries, and to go about their affairs without being insulted. Then a young Ku Kluxer from Tulsa, Oklahoma, gave his view. The delegates from New York to California listened appreciatively; they were not going to show closed minds even towards the Klan. Probably never before in this country was there such give-and-take, such open sharing of thought and attitude as in those discussion group meetings. The attempt was an honest and generous one to maintain a scientific approach to facts and a friendly approach to people. There was no stuffiness. Those students were bent on comparing notes with

each other fearlessly, and working out together the solutions of common problems.

Many of them dared to follow up the discussions by making a stand that would obviously cost them something. Southern college girls formed plans, later carried out, to give a face-to-face hearing to spokesmen of the colored race. In East and West group meetings were arranged where Negroes could talk over their difficulties with Nordics, and young Oriental students with Americans. On all sides the swagger of race arrogance was repudiated.

More significant still were the decisions with regard to war. At the session under the control of the students themselves, two hundred voted for preparedness as the best way to avoid war, but the majority were for abolishing it through a process of education or through the League of Nations and the World Court. More than three hundred came out into the open and declared themselves completely through with war and the war system. To them it was irrational and futile, opposed to Jesus's way of life which is a "venture of trust in men"; they would never again approve of it or take any part in it.

What was started through this coming together of students at Indianapolis cannot be statistically measured, but one thing is sure. It was demonstrated that there are in this country a number of young people who are not entirely preoccupied with football victories, "proms," and fraternity issues. There are many students who are getting into the big social currents that move the world. They may not be much concerned with consolidating the theological systems of their parents, but they are tremendously in earnest about working for a new social order where the five hundred million yellow men and the four hundred and fifty million brown men and the two hundred million black folk on this planet will be treated not as fair game for exploitation but as human beings to be respected. They believe in sharing as perhaps no other generation has believed; in tolerance and the solidarity of the human race.

* * *

One clear-cut result was the genesis of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace. Discovering at the Convention that more young people

than had been imagined felt as they did that the time was ripe to abandon war once and for all and to force the pace on this issue, a few students banded themselves together as a group determined not to compromise. Whereas the older generation of Christians admitting war to be unchristian were willing to participate in it as a national necessity, these young men were going to stake their lives on the hypothesis that modern war is wrong and that Jesus's spirit of love has greater effectiveness in resisting evil than indiscriminate slaughter. Police power, whether local or international, they did not repudiate, but simply war as it is likely to be conducted in the future. Of course they were misunderstood, and certain newspapers labelled them hastily as "traitors," but what they were seeking was to serve their country with such thoroughgoing patriotism as would eventually realize those ends which the last war, by its inherent nature, could not realize, — justice, freedom, and security for all. Their inspiration was not from Moscow but from Nazareth.

The development of this association of youth in such a daring spiritual adventure will be interesting to watch. They now number more than fourteen hundred; a few are student visitors from Europe and the Orient, some are from the laboring world. They are allying themselves with anti-war youth groups in Asia as well as in Europe. Since they are not tied to any dogma but simply dedicated to establish, in every possible relationship, coöperation for the common good, the basis of enrolment is now in process of being widened so as to include all young people ready to make a stand against war and to work for brotherhood, whether Jews or Gentiles, Confucionists or Agnostics. Again, they are likely to be brought together with a growing intensity by the odds against them. A few members, notably some of the "Thirty-Eight" war-resisters on the campus of Northwestern University, have already felt the edge of opposition. But persecution will only serve, as it has always served, to knit this Fellowship together. It may even call out into practical application that intrepidity and contempt for comfort and surrender of private interests which must be used by the peacemakers as the moral equivalent of war.

These qualities have been exhibited at a surprising number of youth conferences held these last twelve months. One of these was initiated and directed by the younger generation of Method-

ists. At Louisville five hundred of them from forty states faced their problems with complete frankness and an amazing willingness to act. One of the youth leaders stated the general feeling: "They tell us we are too young and uninformed to handle momentous questions, but when the country gets into trouble like war, the whole job is shoved on our shoulders. If we are wise enough to fight, we are wise enough to prevent wars." Vague and sentimental proposals were given short shrift. The discussion was sharply directed toward concrete situations involving the issues of public opinion, racial prejudice, industrial autocracy, and military preparedness.

* * *

While there have been a phenomenal number of significant youth conferences during the last few months, the most picturesque yet seen in America was that held in March at Bear Mountain, New York, where twenty-eight organizations for youth met together in an experiment of coöperation. There were I. W. W.'s and Christian Endeavorers, representatives of the Young People's Socialist League and the Young People's League of the United Synagogues of America, members of one or two communities and the Young Friends' Society. The ideals of militarism and race hatred were examined and measures seriously considered to combat child labor. The need was generally agreed upon of making legal the transmission of birth control information by physicians in slum districts where families are crushed between inadequate incomes and impossible housing conditions. The thing most manifest was not the diversity of panaceas urged but the capacity to break through intolerance and get at the roots of our social system with a view to working out a new order based not on the profit motive but on production for use.

It is insisted by some that the American Youth Movement was born at this conference at Bear Mountain. Whether so or not, youth obviously is moving. Not along lines dictated by the wandering, singing groups in Germany, the young nationalists in India, or the renascence leaders in North China, but in accordance with impulses of our own. We are not very articulate. We have only begun here and there to unite, but all over this country a growing body of us are beginning to make demands. These

demands are not "just a revolt against authority." They are more fundamental than that. First of all, we must have more air, freer discussion. Is God really a matter of the biggest battalions, divided by boundary lines? Has any State a metaphysical sanction for compelling us to go out and kill the youth who happen to be in other countries? Must there be no other rule of industry than "dog-eat-dog"? We are not trifling with these questions. We want to have them answered honestly. It will be no use repeating to us the glib and mystical shibboleths of denominationalism or jingoism or big business. We would have truth reverenced in all matters and personality reverenced in all places.

The problem of certain European youth movements is starvation; ours is complacency. The great danger here is not rebellion against *authority* so much as sheepish devotion to it. Young America is all too prone to follow without question some newspaper "colyumist" or director of motion pictures, some dictator of standards in morals or sport or business, if only the accent of infallibility is sufficiently pronounced. "You must think this and you must think that," thunders the particular Moses on Sinai of the hour, — and nothing pleases us more than to obey, blindly, unquestioningly.

It is pounding in on some of us that to meet this problem of submissiveness we must work for a new type of education. The old way of teaching produced indoctrinated young ostriches. One scribbled down notebooks full of dead information delivered once and for all by dessicated lecturers and then passed it back again in examinations, solemnly as though it were all a corpse. One was like those German tulips described by Rupert Brooke, which "grow as they are told." But at last we are restive. To learn through direct contact with the problems of life, not our own exclusively but other people's too, — that is becoming more articulately and widely our aim.

Our technique for this is not complete, but it is being developed. We are groping for methods of intercommunication which alone can give us the alertness we must have or else go dead, — the intercommunication which is a friendly exchange of thought and spirit across the barriers of class and nation and race. Groups of young people are visiting in other countries; they come back less stagnant than they went. The conference method of comparing

notes, — young Nordics with Negroes, men with women, Jews with Christians, students with wage-earners, — is spreading like radio. We are waking up to the power of candid, direct group discussion to release the quickening energy of mind meeting mind. Open forums under the management of the students themselves are stirring the still waters of many a campus. Instead of getting all their information on economics from textbooks, undergraduates are given the chance to hear the other side of the open shop question. "Retreats" are being experimented with; for several days at a time conflicting points of view are focussed on the central issues of war or race or sex or industry, and out of this collaboration, moral drive is created to act upon the decisions gained.

* * *

Is there enough impetus in all this to call it an American Youth Movement? Judging by the surface activity, certainly not. But the criterion is not the number of young people's association offices in which stenographers are busy, or the volume of official organs. What we are speaking of is a different matter. The soul of it will not disclose itself in organizations.

All the same it is a reality. Youth to-day is asking questions about social relationships. In spite of the conveniences with which we are surfeited, conveniences that often become comfortable devices for the avoidance of original thinking, we are not satisfied. The knowledge that people of our own age are cheated out of their share of food and recreation in other countries disturbs us. We are even wondering about the distribution of these things at home. About war we have fewer delusions. Our civilization as a whole, with its stress on moneygetting, is beginning to puzzle us.

Critical mindedness is coming in and with it the query, "Can a man live unto himself alone?" Like a mustard seed the youth movement has started.

* * *

NEW TRENDS IN THE THEATRE

III — *France*

FLORENCE GILLIAM

ALTHOUGH the French theatre has not been visited by any sweeping revolutionary movement corresponding to the expressionist school of Central Europe or the constructivist impulse in Russia, nevertheless Paris has during the past ten or fifteen years been the scene of numerous experiments and minor innovations that have contributed a great deal to modern dramatic art. Antoine, Lugné-Poe, Rouché, Gémier, Copeau, Cocteau, Dullin, Pitoeff,—these are some of the names in contemporary French Drama.

THE loyalty of the French stage to the traditions of the past is proverbial. There is much in the contemporary theatre of France which has remained practically unchanged for a generation. Standard theatres like the old Porte Saint Martin pursue a policy which shows few signs of progress. Chic little Parisian houses like the Daunou present a series of operettas, light comedies, or farces whose plots change little in character from year to year and whose productions reflect only the superficial changes in fashion set by the couturier and the interior decorator. Sacha Guitry goes on writing delightful if facile comedies, and he and Lucien Guitry and Yvonne Printemps go on acting them with a finish, distinction, and charm which sets them above the rank of mere commonplace popularity but does not create any particularly new precedent in the theatre. There is no revolutionary element in the contemporary theatre of France which corresponds to that represented by Antoine's Théâtre Libre in the 1880's. Nor have French dramatic literature and scenic production been visited by any such sweeping wave of innovation as we see in the expressionistic movement of Central Europe or the constructivist impulse in Russia. Nevertheless the French theatre has undergone great changes in recent years, and to-day these changes are becoming clearly, almost suddenly, evident.

To the period of transition belongs Lugné-Poe's Maison de l'Œuvre, a subscription theatre which has remained experimental, in the laboratory sense, since the days when symbolism became the great vogue of French poetry and drama. Lugné-Poe's importance to the French theatre is twofold. First he has made

the French public acquainted with many important foreign dramatists and actors. At the Œuvre there is a complete Ibsen repertoire, and Strindberg's plays have been exceptionally well presented. Gorki, Hauptmann, Kaiser, D'Annunzio, Wilde, Synge, and Shaw are all represented. Second, in the development of French drama Lugné-Poe's laboratory has been invaluable. Maeterlinck, Bataille, Claudel, Romain Coolus, André Gide, Alfred Jarry, Francis Jammes, Romain Rolland, and any number of other French authors have been given prominence originally by production at the Œuvre.

Back in 1896 the now famous *Ubu Roi* of Alfred Jarry was produced for the first time by Lugné-Poe. This fantastic farce, written by Jarry at the age of fifteen, had grown into a literary myth of great proportions during the years which had elapsed since its presentation. The author had been compared to Shakespeare, Rabelais, Boccaccio; vast sums had been paid for the rare copies of the text. A recent revival by Lugné-Poe and the reprinting of the book cleared away a good portion of this mythical aura and revealed a farce which antedates the Dada movement in being magnificently mad, and presents a parody of Shakespearean tragedy simultaneously with a glorification of untrammeled instincts. There seems little justification, however, for regarding it as a great literary landmark.

The recent production was notable for a sort of "compenetration" scheme similar to that advocated by Marinetti in Italy. The stage was built in two levels. Enormous cardboard figures and actors in attitudes of pantomime occupied the upper level, while on the lower level the action of the piece went on, totally dissociated from these pictorial groupings. It was an interesting attempt to correct the relatively false emphasis which normal theatrical production lays upon the doings of a single set of characters.

Of the youthful French playwrights revealed in recent years at the Œuvre, Jean Sarment is the best known to-day. His *Couronne de Carton* and *Pêcheur d'Ombres* are both studies of the sensitive emotionalism of youth and the destruction of its primary idealism in the process of adjustment to life. Sarment may now be said to have arrived in the French theatre, since to his reputation as a *jeune* is now added the official seal of recognition in the presenta-

tion of his sardonic *Mariage d'Hamlet* at the Odéon and his *Je suis trop grand pour moi* at the Comédie Française. Sarment himself has interpreted his principal rôles (except at the Comédie Française), and his insight into the mental reactions of youth is all the more remarkable in that he is very young himself.

It was in an endeavor to create a theatrical art as carefully regulated in its visual aspects as were the productions of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes that Jacques Rouché inaugurated the Théâtre des Arts. Rouché was a careful student of the European theatre at large, and in 1910, after a continental journey of investigation less customary at that time than it is to-day, he published his *L'Art Théâtral Moderne*, which has recently been reissued in a new edition. When Rouché began his attempt to put into practice the theories expressed in his book, this conception of a theatrical presentation as a careful synthesis of acting, setting, and costumes was rare enough in France. He called to his aid not the general utility decorators of the commercial theatre, but well known painters like Dethomas, Segonzac, Leprade, Drésa, and Piot, at the same time insisting upon the difference between easel painting and the creation of a stage *milieu*.

His repertoire was varied. St. George de Bouhelier's *Carnaval des Enfants*, the Copeau-Croué version of Dostoevski's *Brothers Karamazov*, *Le Sicilien* of Molière, Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, and *You Never Can Tell;* dramas, operas, ballets, revues were all done with the same controlling interest in presentation. The experiment, because of the usual financial difficulties, lasted only two years. To-day Rouché is Director of the Opera; some of the same painters are associated with him and have changed little in their recognized styles.

The importance of the Théâtre des Arts experiment lay in its voluntary emphasis upon the necessity for unifying all the phases of a spectacle. To-day the Théâtre des Arts is directed by Rudolph Darzens. Here is also a student of the European theatre; and the little house on the Boulevard des Batignolles has never lost some kind of predisposition toward a non-commercial ideal. But the policy has not remained consistent. Occasionally there are productions of special interest; there are also plays by accepted French dramatists of no very startling merit, and sometimes cheap money-getters. The Théâtre des Arts represents no

definite movement in the French theatre as it did under Rouché from 1910 to 1912.

Doubtless the greatest single force working toward the immediate popularization of theatrical reform in France is embodied to-day in the person of Gémier. Here is an actor-director whose close contact with the public since the early days of Antoine, and whose official position as director of both the Théâtre National Populaire and the second state theatre, the Odéon, assures to any reform he may sponsor a reception with the general public which is perhaps out of proportion to the importance of the reforms themselves but is certainly not to be overlooked by those who are watching the advance of new ideas in France.

Gémier, since the days when he was associated with the Théâtre Libre, has worked in regular theatres, music halls, small fashionable houses, experimental theatres, and in almost every conceivable kind of production. He believes thoroughly in the democracy of the theatre and is most concerned with the reconstitution of those national and universal qualities which belonged to the public entertainment of the ancient arena and the mediaeval square. By this token he has liberated himself from the formula of naturalism in *mise en scène* sponsored by Antoine; but there remains something fundamentally inconsistent in Gémier's various ideas of theatrical reform.

In accord with his vision of the theatre as an expression of the community soul he deals often in a free and spectacular movement partaking of pageantry. To this end he some years ago inaugurated a season of drama at the Cirque d'Hiver, in which the manipulation of crowds approximated similar experiments of Reinhardt's. In accord with this also he has eliminated footlights at the Odéon, and united house and stage by means of forestage and steps and the use of *avant-scène* boxes as entrances. On the other hand, Gémier's interest in making the classics accessible to every order of intelligence, and his desire to free these same classics from the hackneyed forms of declamation which have made them dull to the student, has led him into an insistence upon more humanized speech and less artificial gesture. Thus to gain freshness of appeal on the side of *mise en scène* he turns away from naturalism to a freer and more theatrical kind of production; and to gain freshness of interpretation in the classics, he proceeds in

exactly the opposite direction, — toward naturalism instead of away from it.

The failure to attain unity of style which is sometimes attendant upon Gémier's productions is illustrated in a recent revival of *Le Mariage de Figaro* at the Odéon. The artificially elegant, scroll-topped, reversible screens designed by Walter René Fuerst and set up in front of white draperies offered various ingenious combinations for the backgrounds of different scenes. But while the setting was stylized, the acting was decidedly naturalistic, and the result was heterogeneous. A very lively treatment of a classic was the revue-like dramatization of Voltaire's *Candide* by Marches and Vautel, produced in a colorful, fantastic guignol setting, with gaudy grandeur, romantic intimacy, and the post-card picturesque all parodied in a sprightly fashion which threw the satire well into relief.

The French as theatre-goers are always more ready to welcome a radical departure in staging when it is not applied to French classics; and they are particularly hospitable to innovations in the production of Shakespeare, whom they are inclined to regard as a wild fantastic genius to whom such treatment can do no harm. Gémier's *Merchant of Venice* is a total rearrangement of the text. It is speeded up in the popular sense by a delirious swirling Venetian carnival and by a violent mob scene at the trial; some of the characters are rewritten; and Shylock, as played by Gémier, becomes the centre of a group of Jewish conspirators instead of the lone representative of an oppressed race. Whatever its faults from an Anglo-Saxon point of view, it is far from being a dead letter, this Gémier version.

One of the most interesting achievements which the Odéon has thus far presented was the production of Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*. In setting, the piece was more expressionistic, in movement and interpretation it was more highly stylized than in the New York production. The central rôle was given a magnificent portrayal by the Negro Genglia, surpassing even Gilpin in the force and beauty of his plastic expression of emotion.

Gémier has now gone through the difficult period of building up a new public without alienating the old; and if his progress is only as great as it has been during the formative process, the Odéon should take the place as a leader in theatrical advancement

which is held by many state theatres in Central Europe. This is all the more important because the first national theatre of France, the Comédie Française, is still to a great extent in the clutches of ultra-conservatism, despite spasmodic attempts to bring it into line with modern movements.

The best all-round realization of an advance-guard theatre project in Paris is Copeau's Vieux Colombier. This remarkable organization has just rounded out its tenth year, yet in spite of the importance of its contribution to French theatrical development its future is in doubt. As it stands at the moment, it is the most complete and efficient theatrical institution which Paris possesses. In the ten years just past Copeau has built up an organization whose unity and clarity of system is particularly unusual in anything like a revolutionary manifestation. It has the elements of inner sufficiency which should contribute certainly to stability and permanence. Administration, publicity, records, photography, construction of scenery and properties; making, fitting, dyeing, and painting of costumes and masques; all electrical and other mechanical work are taken care of on the premises. There is even a restaurant under the same management next door to the theatre. Close by is the school of the Vieux Colombier, probably Copeau's greatest concern in all the activities of the institution. Thus everything associated with the business of theatrical production is handled from within; and in France, where there are countless delays and compromises involved in every business transaction between separate firms, this inner dependence is invaluable.

The weakest factor in the Vieux Colombier as an institution is the theatre itself. It is so small that even constant playing to capacity houses does not insure sufficient income to cover the expenditures of so comprehensive a plant. There is some advantage, of course, in not having too large a house for an experiment like Copeau's; but he is too ambitious to go on with a mere successful intimate theatre. The house is simple and fairly practical, seating about three hundred and sixty. Copeau's great contribution to it is, of course, the construction of his own type of stage. Made of stone, its forestage connecting with the auditorium, equipped with a permanent setting, — a wall, an arch, stairways leading to levels above and below the stage, — which may be

used or concealed at will, it is capable of almost any combination. The architectural background throws the actors always into plastic relief; and the lighting system is excellently planned and efficiently controlled. The general *mise en scène* at the Vieux Colombier is characterized by exquisite precision; yet it is not laborious. If the stage is somewhat severe, it appears as a welcome simplicity and restraint after the tasteless cluttering which we see on so many Paris stages.

The most justifiable charge made against the Vieux Colombier is that its repertoire is not sufficiently varied. This is a vital point in the success, even the usefulness, of an advance-guard theatre. That Copeau's repertoire is open to this charge is explained by the manner in which he has approached the very complex ideal of production. Having created revitalized surroundings for his actors, he next took a group of people and attempted to educate them in a less stereotyped style of acting than the commercial theatre had to offer. For this training he employed largely a classic repertoire. But a theatre cannot consist of a training process behind closed doors, so it was this classic repertoire which was presented to the public.

Next he began building up a repertoire of contemporary plays. These he chose, however, in the line of logical succession to the classics he had been presenting: modern comedies in the Molière tradition. The most brilliant examples of this genre at the Vieux Colombier are *Bastos le Hardi* by Régis and De Veynes, and *Il faut que chacun soit à sa place* by René Benjamin. The former is a high form of political satire motivated as to plot by real comedy of character; and the latter is social and political satire again, cast in the mould of fantasy, with Lulli music and other qualities of the *fête champêtre* to charm away the bitterness of its ironic statement. Both these and Goldoni's *La Locandiéra* are acted in that measured and distinguished comic style which is the Vieux Colombier's most notable histrionic achievement.

A sort of off-shoot of the Vieux Colombier is Dullin's Atelier. It is not really a branch of the older institution, for its ideals and methods are quite different, but the two have always been closely associated. Dullin's theatre, though it has not always been successful in achieving actual beauty or force in its performances, has shown a much more active interest in building up a new

repertoire, both foreign and native, than the Vieux Colombier. Marcel Achard, Alexandre Arnoux, and Bernard Zimmer are young French playwrights who have been revealed there. Also the Atelier is one of the few places in Paris where experimentation in *décor* is constantly going on.

The most complete expression of the new movement in the French theatre of to-day is in the work of Georges Pitoeff. Pitoeff is a native of Russia, but his repertoire is given entirely in French. He built up a theatre and troupe in Geneva whence he used to visit Paris frequently, and it is practically this organization which he transferred to the Paris Champs Elysées theatre in 1922. Pitoeff is not a great actor; he is dominated by mannerisms which, in spite of the sensitiveness and imaginative qualities of his interpretation, become monotonous with repetition. As a director, however, he has introduced more original ideas to Paris than any of his contemporaries. His wife, Ludmilla Pitoeff, who works with him in translation and adaptation, shares with him the principal rôles. She is particularly gifted in creating an atmosphere of absolute, veracious simplicity, and excels in rôles of unobtrusive tragedy such as we find in Chekhov.

Pitoeff's repertoire is an important factor in his contribution to the French theatre. It includes not only the work of contemporary French playwrights like Lenormand, Duhamel, and Vildrac, but also plays of Chekhov, Andreyev, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Hamsun, Strindberg, Shakespeare, Wilde, Shaw, Chesterton, Dunsany, Molnar, and Pirandello. In this respect his organization ranks with the best of those remarkably international repertory theatres which are the pride of Central Europe.

Molnar's *Liliom* is the most characteristic example of Pitoeff's complete re-creation of a play through his personal interpretation of it. His aim is an expressionistic one, — to dramatize in his *mise en scène* the silence which lay between Liliom and any outward expression of his actual self. His settings are chiefly abstract forms and are really painted with light; the scene in heaven is a concrete presentation of the fantasies, grandiose or infantile, which Liliom expresses directly or indirectly in the play.

But the production of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* is to my mind the supreme example of Pitoeff's gift in dramatic projection. The apparition of the Six Characters,

descending in the back stage elevator, arranged in positions of fixed relationship, like some inevitable family portrait; their appearance and gestures throughout the action, stylized yet terribly alive; and their disappearance, rising out of sight in silence broken only by the elevator itself, — these and the terrific tension and irony of the whole performance give it an almost unbearable dramatic poignancy.

Jean Cocteau, although not working in a theatre of his own, has had as much influence as perhaps any other Frenchman in the advancement of stage art. His association with the Russian Ballet dates before its visit to America in 1916. His *Parade*, glorifying the circus and the acrobat, with Satie's codification of popular tunes, with Picasso's cubistic setting and giant mechanical costumes, produced in 1917, was one of the earliest and certainly an influential revolutionary element in the Ballet repertoire. The very latest season of the Diaghilev Ballet showed one of Cocteau's characteristic developments of contemporary ideas in *Train Bleu*, which he calls a "statue of frivolity" and which displays, in its presentation of the life on a fashionable beach, an interesting use of swift and brilliant acrobatic motifs, combined with an imitation of the fascinating *film ralenti*. In the Swedish Ballet, Cocteau's *Boeuf sur le toit* and *Les mariés de la Tour Eiffel* revive some of that exaggerated satiric quality manifested in French magazines like the "Assiette au Beurre" of before the war, and introduces not only the remarkable masques of Jean Hugo, but an important innovation in the delivery of lines through phonographic horns.

Cocteau is the sponsor too of much else that is modern in the Swedish Ballet. But he has not confined his work to ballet. His *Antigone*, produced in a primitive Picasso setting of crude blue at the Atelier, with the composite voice of the chorus coming through a black phonographic disk, is a simplification of the Greek tragedy which preserves with unusual exaltation of style its elements of overwhelming force, in a measured ceremonial. And most brilliant of all Cocteau's contributions to the contemporary stage of France is his adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet*, given recently in the Soirées de Paris at the Cigale. This is a condensed version, staged like a ballet, with a stylization of manner, a precise and exquisitely regulated sublimation of the

play's content absolutely foreign to Shakespeare, especially in the early stage of his dramatic development to which *Romeo and Juliet* belongs. It is a fine re-creation of the essence of the legend from a new point of view, and results in an intense concentration of effect. It would have been worth doing if for no other reason than to introduce the original and distinguished costumes of Jean Hugo, who uses, throughout, the high Renaissance ruffs to set off heads and faces, gives most of the actors white gloves to emphasize their gestures against a dark and schematic background, and lends an extraordinary delicacy to the contours of the body by following the curves of arms and legs in the men's costumes with an inset of color lighter than that of the rest of the costume, like those luminous effects we see in the figures of certain woodcuts. Cocteau, too, aside from his active work in the theatre, has wielded a good deal of influence through his epigrammatic writings on the subject.

In connection with Cocteau, we are brought to a realization of the enormous part which ballet has played in the present state of the French stage. The ballet organization of the French Opera can claim no great distinction, but the developments of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, in many respects the most epoch-making of all stage manifestations of recent years in Europe, have centered in Paris, and French painters and musicians have been inextricably bound up with its progress from 1911 to the present day. And the Swedish Ballet, which in spite of its shortcomings in the technique of the dance has brought out much that is new in contemporary French music and painting, is essentially a Parisian institution.

Altogether, Paris is a vastly more interesting centre of theatrical production than most Americans suppose. This is not to be credited, of course, strictly to the activities of French dramatists, but to the international scope of its interests and the general cosmopolitanism which is evident in all its artistic manifestations.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF VOTING

WHAT are the bases of our political opinions? What are the real motives behind our votes?

The Editor asked these questions and two authors, in making their replies by way of these two sardonic articles, prick the bubbles of some cherished popular illusions.

According to Mr. Kent the popular intelligence to which American politicians are so fond of making sonorous appeals, simply does not exist. The vast majority of those who vote, vote blindly with their party. The so-called independent voter, votes under compulsion of prejudice, emotion, and propaganda. We vote against things and candidates, not for them. We choose between evils; and almost invariably prefer mediocrity to greatness; indeed, a really great man has small chance of being elected President of the United States.

According to Mr. Powel any man who enters politics is forced, by the rules of the game, to abandon his intellectual integrity and to aid in the creation of those fictions with which we delude ourselves. Just now, farmers are in fashion, and to be successful in politics we must be able to milk a cow and stack a hayrick, — at least in newspaper pictures.

I — SCARE 'EM

FRANK KENT

"I HAVE an abiding faith in the intelligence of the American people."

Beyond question, as that dear old declaration is the most familiar, it is also the supreme piece of American political balderdash. For a hundred years it has been part of the oratorical equipment of political candidates great and small, and there seems no reason to doubt it will continue so for a hundred years to come. From Presidents to precinct executives, it has been and is the favorite formula with which to appeal. The sincere and the insincere, shallow demagogues and great statesmen alike deliver themselves of it with the unfailing air of having uttered an original conviction. In the political campaign just ended, all three of the candidates for President and all three of the candidates for Vice-President proclaimed it as their belief at different times, under different conditions, but in language almost identical. Not only that, but there was scarcely a candidate for Congress or the Senate in any State who did not do the same thing.

It is almost impossible for a candidate to escape it. It is the logical thing for him to say. Publicly to entertain the other notion is to rip the cover from the game of politics and leave it naked and nonsensical. To assume that the voters are not intelligent would completely stop the game. The whole governmental theory of the rule of the people would crash to the ground.

The idea back of the "abiding faith" theory is, of course, that the American voter can be depended upon to choose wisely from among the candidates and determine rightly as to the issues. There does not exist a more complete political fallacy. When the overwhelming nature of the disproving evidence is considered, it is amazing that aspirants for elective office can still solemnly proclaim that they have this "abiding faith in the intelligence of the American people" without being laughed off or stoned off the stage. That neither of these things happens is, in itself, complete refutation of the statement. In face of the fact that in election after election a majority of the voters do not even participate, and that the minority in whose hands the decisions lie weigh the merits of neither men nor measures, that this "abiding faith" declaration can still be made with impunity is direct testimony that the voters, — except a very small proportion, — not only do not think but never learn. It is an indisputable fact that the bulk of the voters are party voters, — not from principle, because there is in these days no genuine dividing principle between them, but from inheritance, environment, or because of machine influence, affiliations, or favors. There is a percentage of the vote, — no one can accurately say how great, — independent both of party and machine ties. It is, however, a mistake to think that this element, — it may be five million or it may be ten, — but, whatever its size, it is a mistake to think that, because of their independence these voters are necessarily politically intelligent or informed. They may be so regarded by the amateur in politics but not by the professional, not by the men whose business it is to know how and why voters vote, not by the precinct and ward executives whose job it is to find out. They know better. They know that the independent voter has as much of prejudice and as little of comprehension as the party voter. The independent voter may be intelligent, often is, — in other things, — but he is not intelligent in his politics because he is not well-informed. Without

real information, real intelligence in voting, — or in anything else, — is not possible. Not one independent voter in a thousand has real political information. Nine hundred and ninety-nine of them are dreadfully muddy-minded about politics and political figures. That statement will arouse resentment because it is characteristic, and naturally so, for the independent voter to believe he knows. As a matter of fact, his vote is not directed by intelligence based on information, but on prejudice created by propaganda. He does not think so, but it is so.

Go outside the wide circle of active politicians, office-holders, office-seekers, the professional observers and writers, the lobbyists and legislative agents, and the man or woman really posted on politics and public men is as rare as a broad-minded banker, — than whom there are few rarer things. It is no exaggeration to say that not one in a thousand is clear-headed politically. What political information they have is largely misinformation. The so-called independent voter is no better posted, no more intelligent politically, and just as swayed by, and saturated with, prejudice as the party voter.

However extreme and sweeping this may sound, it is the literal fact, and the exceptions merely prove the rule. Sound out the average doctor, lawyer, engineer, business or laboring man, whose orbit is wholly removed from politics, and invariably you find him harboring a set of half-baked notions and opinions, all formed on a set of half facts. The idea that the independent voter gets an accurate picture of the personalities of the candidates is no more true than the idea that the best man wins in elections, when he does, because he is the best man. The realities about the candidates and the things back of them are, with rare exceptions, hidden from the voters. The singular thing is that they reject the realities when presented and cherish the unrealities they have absorbed. No one is quite as opinionated politically as those who have formed political opinions without the facts. They hold to them like a bulldog to a bone. With every desire to be conservative, I repeat that, outside of the political and journalistic circles before mentioned, not one in a thousand voters has either the time, the inclination, or the means of informing himself thoroughly politically. If anything, this is an under statement.

The "means," of course, is the real root of the matter. The only

means people, outside of the circles where direct or indirect personal touch or training imparts real knowledge, have to get political information is through newspapers. No one will seriously maintain that accurate, unbiased, and complete political information is obtainable from them. If you have not the fundamental facts about the situation and the men from some other source, you will not get them from the newspapers. In the first place, the great bulk of the newspapers the country over are still partisan papers which, during a Presidential campaign or a session of Congress, studiously and steadily present the propaganda of the party with which their owners affiliate, and consistently minimize the favorable aspects of the other party and its candidates. Some of these party papers, like the "New York Herald-Tribune," make a pretense of fairness to both sides, but it is merely a pretense. Others, like the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," make no pretense of fairness but are frankly and completely partisan, using nothing but turpentine for the candidate of the other side and nothing but vaseline for their own. Papers, such as the "New York Times," which are honestly fair and try fully to present both sides, merely succeed in evenly dividing their space between the propaganda of both. In one column you read what has been prepared by the paid publicity agent of one party, in another the output, in the guise of an interview or speech, of the publicity agent of the other party. It is, for instance, not possible seriously to contend that in the last campaign, with one or two exceptions, the true picture of the Presidential candidates, the bald facts about the campaign, its managements, and the issues, were presented by the newspapers. They were not presented for two reasons, — first, the printing of the unvarnished facts involves a degree of brutal frankness from which, for a number of reasons, the newspapers shrink. The bald, unvarnished facts seem to them too bald to be true, — and even if true it seems unwise and dangerous to state them baldly. They prefer the propaganda, — and "fall for it" even when it is against their own side. The other reason is that the men the newspapers have covering the political news are trained to write merely the superficial and surface facts, and only rarely is there one who is permitted to analyze and present a situation as it really is. It is the exceptional man who is in a position to analyze and present the

situation exactly as he sees it. Not many of them want to. Not all of them could do it even if they wanted to and were permitted. Most of them are content to cover the surface developments. Their chief concern is not to be beaten by the men from the competing papers and press services. The result is, of course, coöperation, agreement, and a general standardization of the political news. What they write is but half what they know, and what they know is about half there is to be known. Were there space in this article it would be easy to present tons of proof of these statements. Editors and reporters always know a great deal more about the political situation and the candidates than they print. It is a curious and interesting study, — why the whole journalistic game is rigged so as to avoid complete political frankness with the public and so as to coöperate with the politicians in hiding the real situation behind a screen. There is not time here to go into that more deeply, but the point is that the only source the voters have from which to get political facts is the newspapers. From the fair newspapers the best they can get are half facts, and from the unfair ones they get their facts both colored and distorted. There simply is no way for the voter not in personal touch with politics to get political news except from his newspaper. To a limited extent, the movies and the radio are used for propaganda, but the newspapers are now, and always have been, the one real channel.

Now, the idea that the voters are not influenced by the newspapers is absurd. There really isn't any other way by which they, — that is, any considerable number of them, — can be influenced. We are talking now of the so-called independent voter, not the party voters, not the "Muldoons" who vote with rigid regularity and need no argument. It is the custom of the independent voter of the more prosperous type to reject with scorn the notion that the newspapers make up his political mind, — mould his opinions; but that is exactly what they do, just the same. The fact that the voter is unconscious of it does not alter the fact.

This does not at all mean that he always votes the way the newspapers tell him or want him. Quite often he goes in precisely the other direction. It is not the editorials that influence him, but the cartoons and the news columns. There is lodged the propaganda, the stuff, — some of it prepared and purposeful, some of

it accidental, some of it legitimate news made by the candidates or the campaign, — by which his prejudices are aroused, his fears awakened, his passions stirred. It is an old and accepted political axiom that the people vote "against" and not "for." It is seldom that there is a candidate whose personality is so strong and attractive, so magnetic and colorful, that people vote "for" him because of himself. There have been such men, — "Al" Smith, Roosevelt, Wilson, and others, but the rule is, they vote for a candidate because they dislike the man on the other side, or the issue he represents, or the forces behind him. Politicians know that the bulk of the independent voters in every election, whether for Mayor or President, go to the polls to "beat" somebody and not to elect somebody. That is the basic psychology about the voters. Their primal instinct is to defeat the side they hate or fear, and that feeling is always more controlling than admiration or devotion to their own side.

There are wide differences of opinion as to the sort of propaganda most effective in swaying the independent vote. Pictures of the candidate on the old homestead milking the cow, wearing overalls, and chopping down trees are popularly supposed to be effective in impressing the voters. Stories of how he rose from a poor boy, step by step, overcoming hardships and battling with poverty, are favored by the paid publicity agents, without whom no campaign is possible. Anything that will tend to display the seeker for votes as a plain, blunt man, used to work and worry, kind to children, devoted to his aged parents, and either himself "one of the masses" or strongly sympathetic with them, is regarded as "good stuff," calculated to create a favorable impression, catch the "farmer vote," or the "labor vote," or some other sort of vote.

My own belief, — and it is in accord with that of some of the most seasoned and astute politicians in the country, — is that these publicity stunts do not amount to a row of pins. No man was ever elected or defeated for any great office because of the artificial creation of "atmosphere." There may have been people who voted for Mr. Coolidge because of the hayrick and the old sap bucket up at Plymouth, or who supported Harding four years ago because he was once a printer, but I doubt it. That sort of stuff does not make votes. It is "stale stuff."

The thing that makes votes is the alarm of the people, and the propaganda that is most effective is the propaganda that arouses their apprehensions and fears. "Scare 'em" was the slogan of the late Mark Hanna back in 1896, in the first Bryan campaign, and that is what they did. The people did not vote for McKinley or Taft because of any particular desire to make those particular men President, but because they were afraid of Bryan. The Republicans had "scared 'em" with the free silver and the government ownership ghosts. In 1920, the people did not vote for Harding under any delusions that he was other than a second-rate Senator, but because they were afraid of the League of Nations and because of the accumulated resentment of eight years of the Wilson administration. It would be possible to go back through political history and cite plenty of other instances where the elections were decided because one side or the other succeeded in "scaring 'em." This is written a month ahead of the 1924 election, but the odds are overwhelming that the result will show that the side that won was the side that succeeded in creating a feeling of apprehension about the opposition. Occasionally a popular hero arises, and the people vote "for" him, but most of the time they just vote "against" the other fellow. And the way to get them is to "scare 'em."

There is one other curious complex of the voter, — and that is his reaction against candidates paraded as "the ideal type." Any experienced political leader will tell you the worst thing that can befall a candidate is to "paint him too pretty." Attribute too many virtues and too much ability to the nominee and you kill him. He may be just as virtuous and just as able as he is pictured, but the insistence on these things will inevitably cause a sharp public reaction. It has happened too many times to doubt it. It is an indisputable fact that small men beat big men in politics more often than big men triumph over little men. The political records in every State and in every big city will bear this out. The masses of the voters are disposed to resent intellectual and moral superiority in their candidates. Occasionally they let one such "get by" but not often. As a rule they incline to the mediocre men. In every large community in the country the American voter has given evidence time and again that he does not care for impeccable candidates.

II — MORE AND BETTER COWS

HARFORD POWEL, JR.

The cleverest man I know says he is going to run for Congress one of these days, on a platform like this:

1. I have *not* been "urged" to accept this nomination. My candidacy is my own idea.
2. I am *not* promising to have the smallest effect on legislation in my first term. A new Congressman is like a new boy in school; he must either do what the leaders tell him, or be known as a maverick.
3. I am *not* making any personal sacrifice in running for Congress. In fact, I think it will help my law business.
4. I will make no campaign speech longer than ten minutes.
5. I will pledge myself merely to pay attention to business, to be present at most sessions of the House, and to vote with what measure of common sense I may possess.

P.S. I was not born in a log cabin, or raised on a farm. My birthplace was a maternity hospital, and I have lived chiefly in hotels.

Will such a candid statement of intentions bring out, as my friend believes it will, the great, sleeping, intelligent vote which is not interested in ordinary campaigns? It is a little sad that we shall never know. For when my friend runs for Congress, if he ever does, it is quite certain that he will state that the nomination was forced upon him; that he will make as many long speeches as there are halls and audiences in his district; and will flood the mail with circulars showing his prowess with a hoe or a cream separator. And he will express his firm determination to reduce taxes, to make conditions easier for the wage earner, to put more seats into public schools, to disarm Europe, and to reduce the price of electricity, gas, and railway fares, — this entire program to be brought about, presumably, as soon as he enters the House of Representatives.

A strange change comes over a man when he runs for office. He may regret using a technique which he personally dislikes. He may wish that present-day voters were less fond of pastoral appeals. He may have been disappointed, in private, that President Coolidge's campaign managers did not show at least one picture of him as a city chap, in a derby hat, in the lobby of the Adams House in Boston, where he lived for so long.

Coolidge has posed with the paternal hayfork in hand; he has posed in the optical center of the tribal herd of cows. Times have changed. All Republican presidential candidates from Grant to Roosevelt had war records —

Our fathers loved the clashing
Of war sword and of shield

But in these times the voters exhibit the preferences of the Roman deities recorded in another stanza:

Pomona loves the orchard
And Liber loves the vine
And Pales loves the straw built shed
Rich with the breath of kine

"Our candidate," say the managers, "is a plain man from the farm. Notice the picture. It shows him in his shirtsleeves." Is this an appeal to the farmer? It is not. It is an appeal to those of us who, as Ferraro said, are huddled together in cities. Voting for a farmer, or at least for a son of Main Street, is for some a sort of an escape from the grind of city life. The farmer plows straight; may he not also think straight? He has to practise what Kipling at St. Andrews called "a decent and wary economy." May he not show this thriftiness in his management of public money? He is taciturn. May he not spare us the avalanche of oratory which rumbles from the lips of city-bred candidates?

I have laid out this reasoning at rather tiresome length because, even if we do our thinking on the skip-stop system we might as well notice its main avenues and cross streets. Common sense tells us that a man who first held office in a little town, then went to the State legislature, was lieutenant-governor and governor, served for two years as Vice-President, should know his way around a government executive office. But common sense be blowed! We have been invited to vote for Calvin Coolidge because he knows his way around a barn yard!

And we have not been asked to vote for Mr. Davis because he has been abroad or because he is familiar by experience with the administration of large affairs. We have been urged to vote for him largely because he was a good young country lawyer in Clarksburg, West Virginia. This wasn't a trump card exactly, but

one must be reasonable. The Clarksburgs are surrounded by farms. The picnic grove is only ten minutes ride from the court house, and the grove is right next to a farm. Men brought up in country towns are the very next thing to being farmers themselves.

And the third candidate was an almost ideal choice, from the bucolic point of view. Many a discontented city clerk who voted for Mr. La Follette did so with the conviction that he is a real farmer, — the kind of farmer who comes to town like Cincinnatus, in the hour of need, and shows the urban evil-doers exactly how they have sinned. It was a disappointment, I think, to the crowd that jammed Madison Square Garden, when Mr. La Follette spoke there, that there was no wheat straw in his hair. But for every voter who sees a candidate, there are dozens who do not, — who see him only in imagination, through whatever spectacles they want to wear. It was a little unkind of Mr. Frank R. Kent, perhaps, to refer to one of the three candidates as "a pallid little man." If Mr. Kent had seen him at the end of a hard day with the hay and the photographers, he would have been obliged to describe him as a sunburned little man. And what a difference a single adjective can make!

Against the triumphant march of the country candidates stands the rather appealing, rather gallant figure of Al Smith; as much a city boy as George M. Cohan himself. He has been wafted from convention to convention on the cockney strains of "The Sidewalks of New York." As a battle hymn it has great merit; and yet it bored, and even antagonized, a great many of the delegates in Madison Square Garden. "Little old New York," said Richard Harding Davis of Germantown, Pa., "is good enough for me." It may not be good enough for Al Smith's future political progress. He may be obliged to change his rôle, to revert to the type of his farmer ancestors (everybody, of course, has farmer ancestors) and to direct his minnesingers to carol about the roads of Oneonta, and the farms round Ballston Spa. In America, where elections are a continous performance, and we love to accumulate fresh and intimate knowledge of the home lives of our candidates, such transitions can be accomplished without shock or jar. In Great Britain elections come at irregular and unexpected intervals, and are all over in three weeks or so.

The personality of the Scotsman or Welshman who stands for Parliament in an English town is a matter of small interest to the voters. They get him out of their minds quickly, and return to business as usual. Politics as usual is our motto. We are a business people, and elections are unsettling and expensive to business, — and yet, we prefer our elections to be like linkéd sweetness, long drawn out. We love the long summer of oratory and discussion; we never ask a candidate to make half a dozen speeches when a half a thousand will do. We want to see him, to read about his habits, to feel that we know him. And this incessant curiosity gives an American candidate a marvelous chance to change his public character.

I think I could name six publicity men who would engage to transform Al Smith himself into a farmer within two years. Even their technique can be adumbrated. The first pictures would show him out-of-doors, as he was shown last summer in a bathing suit. But there would be no Coney Island in the caption, — there would be references to the old swimming hole. And then, by gentle degrees, it would be demonstrated that he is at home in a five-acre lot, and even a ten-acre lot. Soon it would be rumored that Al Smith comes of a long line of farmer folk and is reverting to type. He is a strong hand with the hayfork, a good judge of manure. His infectious smile is all the more engaging when you see him in a battered straw hat.

This is an extreme illustration; I give it only to suggest what can be done. If we cannot bring the mountain to Mahomet, we can move Mahomet to the mountain. When the demand was for soldiers in office, the supply was overflowing. When the demand is for agriculturists, you cannnot doubt that a way will be found to fill it.

The millennium comes slowly. Nothing worth having is achieved in a hurry. Perhaps candidates will always complain about the low mentality of the voters. Perhaps a Roosevelt still unborn will complain in the year 2012, as Theodore Roosevelt complained in 1912, that the World's Series prevents people from putting their minds on politics. Perhaps young men will always vote the ticket which their fathers voted. Perhaps the two great parties will still further fuse and confuse the things they stand for. We may never attain the sophisticated British ability

to take our elections or to leave them alone. Never, perhaps, will we shorten our election periods, or produce a candidate original enough to run on the Utopian platform I have quoted above. Meanwhile, herds are an asset to the country, and the increasing number of pictures showing the candidate posing among his cattle will surely result in our having more and better cows.

OLD MAN EDWARDS

FRANCIS CURRIER

He likes to sit and dream away the hours
Instead of mowing hay or hoeing corn;
"A lazy chap," I've heard the neighbors say,
"He'll wind up in the poor-house, sure as fate."
He manages to get his taxes paid
And works a little, just enough to live
From day to day, not caring how they talk.
An old New Hampshire farmer, that is all,
But not a slave to toil; and how he loves
To talk with visitors from far away,
The city-folks from Murchison's hotel,
Who spend two weeks' vacation at the lake.
They like his talk, I know, and so do I.
He tells his theories of how to live
And plays the rural Socrates to them;
No fool, this farmer, for in sixty years
One sees much water roll across the dam.
Perhaps, if he had worked as farmers should,
He'd have a little money in the bank
And be provided for a rainy day.
If he had worked! But would he have the store
Of apothegm and well-digested thought
Which now delights the tourists to the North?
His years rest on him with a soft caress
And have not made him crabbed, like the rest
Who labor with New England's meagre soil.
What matter if he goes his easy course
And spends in thought the time that others work?
To work is not the only end of life.

ALL ABOUT MOTHER GOOSE

VINCENT STARRETT

IN Boston, over two hundred years ago, there was an old woman who, though she may not have lived in a shoe, had so many children she didn't know what to do, until she had the happy thought of inventing rhymes for them, with which we are now all familiar. Her real name was Elizabeth Foster Vergoose. Although it has not been definitely established that her sobriquet of "Mother Goose" was unrelated to "Ma Mère l'Oye" cited by Perrault, Grimm, Tieck, and others, Mr. Starrett believes she was the original "Mother Goose."

AT least half, one supposes, of the pat and humorous phrases with which we brighten our conversation and charm those who listen to us is derived from the Bible or Shakespeare. Of the remainder, some are from Cervantes, some from Sterne, some from Emerson, and so on down through Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw. By far the merriest of all, one has always believed, and the most apt for miscellaneous converse, are the mad lines of Mother Goose and "Lewis Carroll." Let us, then, for the present, talk of Mother Goose. "People may talk of Homer and Shakespeare and whom they please of that class," some one has written, "but Mother Goose may hold up her head with the best of them. The Swan of Avon is not the only bird that has made melody for all time. See how Mother Goose has stood her ground and survived whole generations and ages of pretenders to poetical inspiration. How many great writers have sprung up from nothing, flourished away, and sunk back to nothing, while Mother Goose has sat calmly brooding over her golden eggs of wisdom! What revolutions and overturns we have had in literature, to the utter demolition of great names and great reputations in poetry! What fluctuations between the lake school, the metaphysical school, the romantic school, the transcendental school, the namby-pamby and the fiddle-de-dee school, sending thousands of sprouting and aspiring poets into everlasting oblivion! Amidst all these tossings and turnings, and ups and downs of popular opinion, Mother Goose has swum like a duck and kept her glorious reputation above water."

I do not know who said that, but he was a wise man, with an appreciation of literature, and his words are worth preserving.

The really interesting thing about Mother Goose is this: she once lived. She is dead now, having told her last tale and sung her

last ballad some time in 1756 or 1757. But (although we never have!) we should honor this excellent woman with a monument ninety feet high. Like that of John Brown, her soul has been marching on through all the years, and her pleasant fancies about the cat and the fiddle, and the romantic frog, and that juvenile pig-pilferer, Tom, the Piper's Son, and all the rest of the goodly company, are as familiar, almost, as "Now I lay me."

And this is the story of Mother Goose as verified by William A. Wheeler, who edited a volume of the good old soul's works back in 1869, — and a charming volume it was. She was born, lived, and died at an advanced age, it seems, in Boston; and she came of a respectable family and was quite well-to-do. That is as it should be. Were she living to-day, she would be enormously wealthy, supposing she held copyright on her works, and no doubt she would be a "best seller." The name appears on record for the first discovered time in 1660. There are a number of readings of the name; one time it is Goose, another time Vergoose, and still another time Vertigoose, which would seem to mean "green goose," although we may be sure there was nothing green about Mother Goose.

The details of the transactions in the Registry of Deeds office in the county of Suffolk (Massachusetts), by which the name and its variations have been traced, are unimportant just now. In time we reach Susannah Vergoose, who died in 1685, leaving, amongst other children, a son Isaac. Isaac was twice married, and his "second wentur" was Elizabeth Foster, who was,— and is,— the immortal Mother Goose.

She was a daughter of William and Ann Foster of Charleston, and was born April 5, 1665; so that at the time of her marriage, on July 5, 1692, she was twenty-seven years of age, and Isaac was about fifty-five. She became the mother of at least six children, which circumstances may have suggested the "old woman who lived in a shoe," supposing that she wrote the song; and if this inference be questioned, it may be added that by marrying Isaac she became stepmother to his ten children by his first wife. Unlike the distracted old creature in the rhyme, however, one fancies Mother Goose knew exactly what to do with her children. She didn't "whip them all soundly and send them to bed"; instead, she told them a story and sent them to bed.

Isaac Vergoose died on November 29, 1710, at the age of seventy-three years, and by that time he must have known all the rhymes by heart, and possibly he sang them to the children himself when Mother Goose was busy mixing the cough syrup. It may be that some one will wish to know the names of the six children left by Isaac to the care of Mother Goose (the names of the ten stepchildren do not appear to be known), so here they are in chronological order: Elizabeth, Elizabeth (again), Ann, Isaac, Ann (again), Peter. The first Elizabeth lived only fifteen days, and so the next child,— happily a girl,— was given the same name; and, the first Ann having died young, there was a second Ann some six years later. A nice little flight of steps they must have made.

In time, the second Elizabeth married young Thomas Fleet, and they were wed by no less a personage than the Reverend Cotton Mather, that doughty witch investigator. Young Thomas was a printer and a bit of a wag. He had been obliged to flee England because of a prank which had angered a number of persons of consequence, and he had come to Boston in 1712, where he established a printing shop in Pudding Lane. Even the streets in those days had a Mother Goose flavor. Then he married Elizabeth, and it wasn't a great while before Mother Goose was Grandmother Goose; and then indeed there were children "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber." Of course, Mother Goose's own youngsters were pretty well grown by that time, but no doubt they were all children to her.

But the baby was a godsend. If Mother Goose had stopped singing her rhymes, now she began again, — and it is proverbial how an old woman will carry on about a baby. Mr. Fleet, out of his wits with her endless rhymes, probably began to talk them in his sleep. And so, possibly to get them out of his head, he resolved to publish them in a book. He collected others too, it is said, from other sources, and after a while the volume appeared. This is what you might have seen on its wrapper:

> *Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children.* Printed by T. Fleet at his printing house, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers.

Something that no doubt was intended to represent a goose covered a large part of the page; at any rate it had a long neck,

and its mouth was widely open, and it looked as much like a goose as anything else.

There is a final record on file, dated May 27, 1735, in which Mother Goose had a hand, — a deed of some sort, — and with that document, historically she disappears from the stage. She probably lived for some twenty years after that, however, for on March 25, 1757, Ann Vergoose was appointed "administratrix of the goods and estate of her mother, Elizabeth Vergoose, lately deceased." So her age was ninety-two years or thereabouts when she died.

The inventory of Mother Goose's estate is an entertaining document. It includes a large, square looking-glass, a small looking-glass, six "Turkey work'd chairs," chairs of other descriptions, and a number of stools, a collection of old pewter, a chest of drawers, a large maple table, a pair of "cover'd brass handirons," a pair of "iron dogs," an old trunk, a pair of sheets, a table cloth, pillow cases, a large silver tankard, a silver basin, and cups, spoons, tongs, shovels, skillets, and other odds and ends, the whole valued at twenty-seven pounds, two shillings, and one and one-fourth pence. Do not laugh at the final memorial of this good and kindly woman. *Finis coronat opus.* She was Mother Goose.

Finishing the history briefly: Thomas Fleet prospered, became an auctioneer and newspaper proprietor, and at length died. This concluding event of his life occurred on July 21, 1758, when he was nearly seventy-three years of age. His wife survived him for seventeen years, dying in 1775, at the age of eighty-one. She had seven children, four sons and three daughters, five of whom survived her. John, the youngest, born September 25, 1734, died on March 18, 1806. His youngest child, Ann, died July 30, 1860, — the last of the family to bear the name of Fleet.

Isaac Vergoose, or Goose, the brother of Mrs. Fleet, and the eldest son of Mother Goose, married in 1734 or earlier, and was the father of several children. The last of these, a daughter, died in June, 1807, and with her passing the name of Goose is said to have become extinct. Happily, the fame of that family will endure.

Thus is the story told by Mr. Wheeler, although Mr. Wheeler is not to be charged with the flippant tone of the present narra-

tive. There are no flaws in his record, although there are numerous *lacunæ;* but all that is set forth is nothing but the truth. On only one point is the story open to argument: was Elizabeth Goose (née Foster) the only and original Mother Goose? Much has been written on the subject, and it is a singular fact that in 1697, twenty-two years before Thomas Fleet gave the *Melodies* to the world, Charles Perrault, the French teller of drolls, published (under the name of his infant son, Perrault de'Armancourt) a collection of fairy tales entitled *Les Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*, — that is, *Tales of my Mother Goose*. Considering the question of derivation, M. Colin de Plancy, in his *Oeuvres Choisis de Charles Perrault* (Paris, 1826), and Baron Walkënaer, in his *Lettres sur les Contes des Fées attribués a Perrault, &c* (Paris, same date), have made every effort to exhaust the subject. And the three principal derivations insisted upon, are:

First, that in an ancient *fabliau*, "a goose is represented telling stories to her goslings, worthy of them and of her."

Second, that in the frontispiece to the first edition of Perrault's Fairy Tales, an old woman is represented spinning, and beside her are three children, a boy and two girls, whom she is apparently amusing by her stories; and that, as underneath this picture are the words *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*, this old woman is no less a person than *Ma Mère l'Oye* in *propria persona*.

Third, that *Ma Mère l'Oye* is one and the same individual as *La Reine Pédauque*, the goose or bird-footed Queen, a sobriquet applied by some to Bertha, Queen of France, and by others to St. Clotilde and the Queen of Saba or Sheba.

The first, as J. R. Planché points out, is an assertion without proof; the second, a mere opinion which is instantly met by another, — that the old woman is *repeating* to her hearers the stories of *Ma Mère l'Oye*. The third is thought to be a tangible proposition and is traced by Mr. Planché through a dozen authorities, down the ages, until the reader finds himself back with the geese of ancient Rome, and walking with Solomon and the Queen of Saba. Throughout it all one *fact* alone stands out: that Perrault did not invent the tales he published; he merely wrote down a collection of stories (no doubt with elaborations and graceful touches of his own) which had descended orally from remote ages.

All of which is very interesting and very confused but has little to do with Elizabeth Goose (née Foster). The fact seems to be that the coincidence of names, however curious, was *only* a coincidence; it may very well be doubted that Mother Goose or her publisher, Master Fleet, ever heard of Perrault or his tales, or knew anything in the world about *Ma Mère l'Oye*. And certainly the tales of Perrault, — that is, *Bluebeard*, *Puss in Boots*, *Cinderella*, and the rest, — are not the rhymes of Mother Goose of Boston.

It is not to be supposed that every jingle now to be found in our modern editions of the rhyming classic was the work of the brain and tongue of Mother Goose and the hand of Master Fleet. Through the years, dozens, perhaps hundreds, of additional rhymes have been added, — translations and adaptations, burlesques and paraphrases from many languages. The original pamphlet issued at "two coppers" contained no more than twenty pages, it is believed, and so could have held no great quantity of rhymes. But these first rhymes were the composition of our American Mother Goose, and it is these jingles one thinks of when Mother Goose is mentioned, not the tales (greatly as we love them!) set down by Perrault.

So that it is nice to think that the first and only genuine Mother Goose, — not *Ma Mère l'Oye*, — was an American; and until some one authoritatively disproves the assumption we may continue to think so.



FACE VALUE

PERCY WAXMAN

IF faces are an outward expression of one's thought, why, conversely, can you not change your opponent's nose and chin and ears by the simple plan of successfully converting him to your point of view?

YOU never can tell about human beings. You go on for years thinking you know some one through and through; then one day something happens and you find you've been deceiving yourself. Even relatives fool you occasionally. Take for instance my Uncle Lem, or as he known in politics, Lemuel Ashley Baynes.

To me he has always seemed a perfectly obvious person, just a successful corporation lawyer with a stretchable conscience, a fervent attachment to machine politics, and a deep dislike of anything savoring of art or literature. Recently Uncle Lem came to see me, and after his customary jokes on the folly of trying to earn one's daily bread by writing, he said to me, "You know what I think's the matter with nine-tenths of you writing fellows? You haven't anything to say. And you take much too long to say it."

"Meaning precisely what?" I inquired.

"That you lack ideas," replied Uncle Lem, "every last one of you. You take a puny little shadow of an idea and wrap it up in as many thousand words as you can get paid for, and by golly! long before the reader has unwound a tenth of your wrappings, the idea has almost entirely evaporated. Take that little piece you had in 'The Gleaner' the other day —."

"For goodness' sake, Uncle Lem," I cried, "how on earth did you happen to see it?"

"By buying it," he replied, "which is possibly more than you did."

"Well, what about my piece?"

"Just this," said Uncle Lem. "You wrote almost four thousand words on the fact that neary every man has at least one novel in him, — namely the story of his own life."

"Well," I said, "isn't it true? What's wrong with it?"

"About twenty-eight hundred words wrong with it, — that's all! The idea's all right, even if it *is* older than Cleopatra's needle, but why in thunder couldn't you state your idea, explain it without so much padding, and let it go at that?"

"That's all very well," I said "but no magazine of 'The Gleaner's' literary standing is going to print two hundred word essays merely stating an idea."

"That's exactly what's the matter with the magazines," said my Uncle, "instead of printing twenty ideas of a thousand words each, they print five ideas buried in four thousand words each. You can't tell me they wouldn't sell more magazines too if they gave ideas precedence over words."

"Oh, you want these run-as-you-read things, telling you how long it would take to get to the moon on a bicycle, why flowers grow, why the sea and New York are wet, and so on. Why don't you write some of these meaty little articles yourself?"

"If I had the time I would," he replied, "and I'd at least be sure that each piece I wrote had a real idea at the back of it."

"For instance," I said nonchalantly, "let's have idea number one."

"Well," began Uncle Lem, clearing his throat, "one of the first little pieces I'd write would be on — say — now before I tell you, let me ask you what *you* think the most wonderful thing in the world."

"European politics," I guessed.

"No."

"Women's fashions?"

"No."

"Kind relatives?"

"No," said Uncle Lem. "Give up?"

I gave up.

"Well," he said in the deprecating manner of a politician reluctantly accepting a nomination, "it seems to me that one of the most wonderful things in the world, — if not *the* most wonderful, — is the fact that all faces are different and yet alike! Think of the millions and millions of faces in the world all having two eyes, two ears, one nose, and one mouth, and yet how seldom you see two really alike. Now take your Aunt Sarepta, she doesn't look a bit like Mary Pickford, does she?"

"I'll say she doesn't," I chimed in.

"And yet," continued Uncle Lem, "she has the same number of eyes, ears, nose, and mouth as that queen of the screen. Do I look like Valentino? No. Do you? No. And yet has it ever occurred to you," he continued, getting more oracular every minute, "that our difference in facial appearance may be merely the *outward* expression of *inward* differences?"

"Sure," I replied, "and your theory explains a lot of faces to me. Now take Cousin Wilf. I've often wondered how his face got that knotted, door-knob effect. Now you've made it clear as day. He's been thinking too much of his dahlias and tulips. Did you ever see such a bulbous expression on a human being? And then look at Aunt Alice. How do you suppose she got that vinegar-and-needles look on her elongated countenance? Can't you see it? She's been breeding wolfhounds so long now that she has a Borzoi complex fairly bursting through. And there's Uncle Jasper. Did you ever behold such a pudgy, soft little mush in all your life? His face looks just like a cross-section of a Krimmer coat. Can't you see that it's all due to his being the tidy husband of an untidy wife? He's been folding up Aunt Rose's clothes for her so long that his face is a mass of folds."

"As usual, you have entirely missed the import of my theory," spluttered Uncle Lem, "and you've been impertinent into the bargain. I meant something entirely different."

"I beg your pardon, Uncle," I said, "please go on."

"Well," he continued, "picture a tall thin man with a long thin nose standing in front of a short stout man with a fat snub nose. Just imagine the thin man arguing hotly with the stout man for not having a long nose; trying hard to convince him that a long nose is a proper thing and a short nose a very improper thing to have. Wouldn't you laugh at such an idiot? But if their differences in appearance are only the outward proofs of inner differences, why is it more idiotic to get angry with a man for not having a nose like yours than to get mad at him for not having views like yours? His viewpoint may be as fixed a part of his make-up as his nose, mayn't it? Now wouldn't it be a complete cure for futile arguing if we could imagine ourselves trying to alter a man's ears or nose whenever we felt like trying to persuade him to change his views for ours?"

When Uncle Lem had finished his peroration, he turned to me, for all the world like a puppy waiting to be fondled. His childlike appeal for my approval was touching. And then I spoiled it all. I asked Uncle Lem how one could judge the inner differences between people who had had their features altered by football or flivver collisions or careless handling in early childhood?

This knocked Uncle Lem slightly off his usual serene poise, and the poor old fellow forgot the noble attitude towards others' views that he had so recently outlined in his nice little speech. In his endeavor to prove his theory he went at me "hammer and tongs." He said I lacked vision and displayed an utter absence of respect.

Goodness only knows what the outcome might have been if a sudden flash of inspiration hadn't saved the day. When Uncle's excitement reached its height, I calmly remarked: "Uncle Lem, aren't you trying to alter my nose and ears just a *little* too earnestly?"

At that he laughed and recovered himself completely.

"Well, anyhow," he said, "isn't it *at least* an idea?"

"It surely is," I replied, "and I'm pretty certain I can turn it into *at least* three thousand words for 'The Gleaner.'"

CHALICE

MURIEL CAMERON BODKIN

I would make myself
A crystal chalice for your love,
And hide myself within some ancient crypt
A frail amphora pregnant of soft wine;
Until the sweetness of the juice, sipped
By all the nomad breezes of the place
Floats, one dim stream about the world.

ANATOLE FRANCE—THE GENESIS OF HIS FAME

An Unpublished Biographical Anecdote

CATHERINE, PRINCESS RADZIWILL

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:"

THERE are very few people to whom these words could be better applied than to Anatole France. He was one of the most convincing examples of the great men whose tide of opportunity is created for them by subtly understanding and appreciative women, who come into their lives to smooth their path by removing the mountainous mole-hills of daily irritations, and by creating the domestic, social, and intellectual soil in which their genius grows to maturity and fruition. Chateaubriand found such a woman at first in Madame de Beaumont, and later in Madame Recamier; Balzac for a time found such a friend in Madame Hanska; and Anatole France had the good luck to meet her in the person of Madame Arman de Caillavet.

Anatole France's association with her was rather the result of their mutual interest and ambition than of a love affair, but it constitutes nevertheless one of the most significant episodes in the history of modern French literature. At the time it began, Anatole France was still a struggling author, relatively unknown, and only appreciated by a small number of people, and when fate brought him and Madame de Caillavet together, no one suspected that he was one day to reach eminence and fame.

She was a remarkable woman, and she was at the time she met France smarting under a sense of social disappointment. A Parisian by birth and education, and living in Paris, somehow she had not succeeded in becoming the Parisian celebrity which she earnestly desired to be. She was of Hebrew origin, the daughter of very rich parents. Her brother M. Maurice Lippmann, a most agreeable and charming man, had married Mademoiselle Colette Dumas, the eldest daughter of Alexandre Dumas Fils. The marriage of her brother had brought Madame de Caillavet into a

literary set that used to assemble in the drawing rooms of the Dumas. She came to see in this an outlet for her personal activities, which had not occurred to her before. She was an exceedingly clever woman, with an iron will, very few scruples, and an immense energy. She made up her mind that in spite of the fact that a few prominent Parisian hostesses looked askance at her, she was going to have a salon far more important than theirs, from which she would be able to dictate to others instead of awaiting their judgments. She had a lot of money, and knew very well that this was the most needed thing in the campaign she was about to start, and she knew also where to use her wealth to its best advantage, and how to derive from it even more than its intrinsic worth.

Unless I am mistaken it was in the house of Victor Hugo that Madame de Caillavet met Anatole France for the first time. He had just published his novel *Thaïs*, which had failed to obtain for him the recognition he had expected. Madame de Caillavet asked him to call on her and managed to make his visit coincide with that of one or two of the most prominent critics of the Paris press. She had a wonderful talent for drawing people out: she made France talk, and after he had left, she quietly began to sing his praises, and to insinuate to her other visitors that it would be a wonderful thing to draw public attention to this newcomer in the field of literature, who possessed such a remarkable command of the French language and of all its subtleties.

A few days later the volume, which had at first passed unnoticed by reviewers, was discussed in all the leading organs of the Parisian press, and France became famous almost overnight.

Is it surprising that he sought again the good fairy who had worked such a miracle, in order to thank her for her efforts on his behalf? Madame de Caillavet had never been pretty, which perhaps in this instance was an advantage for her, because it enabled her to disclaim any sentimentality in the friendship that started then and there between her and Anatole France. She proceeded at first very cautiously; began to give small dinners for him, as well as a few select receptions, and then she extended to him a general invitation to lunch with her, after which she would keep him talking about the books he intended to write. She cleverly suggested, when he said something she thought particularly

striking, that he should write it down immediately. Soon she fitted up a study for him on the third floor of her house on the Avenue Kléber in Paris, and induced him to work there a few hours every afternoon. This quickly became a habit with him, and he used to leave his manuscripts in this pleasant little retreat, so beautifully furnished and arranged for him by his devoted and incomparable friend. Her constant attentions towards him at last quite overcame France, and he allowed himself to be lulled by her tenderness until the day when he awoke to find that his soul was no longer his own, and that he belonged entirely to the clever and witty lady who had made him famous.

She was at times a hard master; she absolutely compelled him to work. She continually kept repeating to him that he had a great reputation to maintain, — even at the time when this reputation existed only in their own imaginations. She always knew the best way to put him forward and to draw the attention of the public to his personality as well as to his works. She opened wide the doors of her hospitable house to a select circle. Every Sunday afternoon she sat in a wide-wing chair on the right of her fireplace. From this vantage ground she surveyed the long, narrow, but large room filled with people, all of them interesting, most of them charming, hardly any of them dull or stupid. Anatole France would stand invariably, his back to the mantlepiece, while writers, journalists, and politicians crowded about him, listening to what he had to say. On Wednesday evenings there were select little dinner parties at the house on the Avenue Kléber. A few chosen intimates were invited to dine with the "Master" as France was familiarly called. It was on such evenings that France appeared to his best advantage. When completely at his ease, he was a wonderful talker; with his brilliant sarcasm he mercilessly and pitilessly flayed his rivals and opponents. It was after these dinners that he liked to read to the guests of Madame de Caillavet a few pages from whatever book he happened to be writing at the time. He read to them in a softly modulated voice, which was so harmonious in its enunciations, so low and yet so distinct, that it kept them enthralled until the last word had been uttered.

Talking about these weekly dinners reminds me of the one after which Madame Marcelle Tinayre, — whose talent was just

beginning to be recognized by the man in the street, — read aloud a little novelette she had just composed. Anatole France rather admired Madame Tinayre, and while she was reading he stood behind her chair, on the back of which one of his hands rested with a kind of lingering tenderness. Madame de Caillavet never said a word, but her eyes filling with tears took on an expression I shall never forget. One could almost see what was going on in her soul, and sense the repressed jealousy against which she was struggling.

These were days of glory for Anatole France. He was the hero of the hour. She had thrown about him the mantle of greatness, and no sovereign was ever more adulated and flattered. Though it is now an open secret that it was she who wrote some of the most beautiful passages in his most famous books, no hint of the real authorship ever escaped her. Neither by word nor by deed did she ever detract from the fame that was his.

When her friend offered himself as a candidate for the French Academy, Madame de Caillavet displayed wonderful activity. She canvassed his candidature with such energy that, as a member of that learned Assembly said at the time, "she makes us all feel asses if we attempt to say that there are other great writers in France than her friend." The fact of the matter was that thanks to the influence which her salon exercised, Madame de Caillavet succeeded so perfectly in preparing the election of Anatole France that when at last the day of the ballot arrived, he found hardly any adversaries, and was almost unanimously invited to take a seat under the famous cupola that had seen so many remarkable men beneath it.

When the famous Dreyfus affair stirred the political passions of Paris as they had never been stirred before, Madame de Caillavet realized at once that here was an opportunity for her friend to come into the limelight of additional prominence and prestige. Although she had a rival in the person of Madame Menard Dorian, — the Egeria of Clemenceau, — also an incomparable hostess, with a salon that was considered even more important than the one in which Anatole France occupied the first place, the resourceful Madame de Caillavet contrived that his should be the voice most listened to in the midst of this political crisis that had assumed international importance. Then it

was that several of the most prominent radicals rallied to Anatole France. And at this time, it was hinted that some day he might even become the President of the French Republic, — which, according to some people who knew her well, was Madame de Caillavet's supreme ambition for him.

Every spring Madame de Caillavet took a trip to Italy, Greece, or Sicily, accompanied by her husband and by Anatole France, to whom as she once said, she liked "to show the world." And in autumn he always went with her to her estate near Bordeaux. Their two lives were one; they shared everything, pain as well as pleasure, just as if there had not existed a certain person called Monsieur Arman de Caillavet.

This sort of thing lasted years and years, and no one imagined it could ever change. The spiritual marriage of the mistress of the little house on the Avenue Kléber and of the most admired, if not the most famous French writer of modern times, was one of those accomplished facts which society accepts and refuses to discuss any further. Anatole France had become a celebrity, and as everybody knew that he could only be reached through Madame de Caillavet, this was more than sufficient to make her one of the most important personalities of *Tout Paris*.

And then . . . and then, the end came suddenly, unexpectedly, and brutally.

Anatole France was invited to lecture in Argentina, and for once his friend did not find it possible to accompany him. On the same steamer sailed a young and pretty actress, Mademoiselle Marie ——. The aged writer fell in love with her, and asked her to marry him. When they returned to Europe, Madame de Caillavet had been entirely forgotten. France no longer appeared at her house. Indeed, he avoided her as much as he could. As a result the people who had flocked to her receptions ceased to come, and it was at his own home in the Villa Said that France began to assemble the court of admirers with whom he had been surrounded on the Avenue Kléber. Madame de Caillavet could not bear it. Not only her heart, but also her spirit was broken by what she considered, not altogether without reason, the ingratitude of the man for whom she had done so much and struggled so whole-heartedly. A neglected cold did the rest. She died after an illness which had lasted only three days. With the death of

Madame Arman de Caillavet, there passed one of the most famous Parisian salons of the last thirty years.

Anatole France did not marry Mademoiselle ——. She had already been attacked by the cancerous disease to which she succumbed a few months after the death of Madame de Caillavet. The illustrious writer declared himself inconsolable. He left Paris and settled on a country estate he had bought in the neighbourhood of Tours, and . . . very shortly afterwards he married his housekeeper!

THE SEARCH

MARY DIXON THAYER

Always, in you, I seek for more
Than I can ever find —
Always, I think a little door
Will open in my mind
To let the loveliness of you
Blow through.

I wait and wait. I never know
When I shall feel the queer,
Delicious sense of you, — the low,
Sweet message "She is near."
Of many things I cannot talk;
I walk

Along the path you sometimes tread,
And there, reverently,
Stand still and wait, and bow my head.
Once, unexpectedly,
I heard, — as you went quickly by, —
A sigh. . . .

THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE VICTORY

George Henry Payne

SHORTLY before Congress adjourned in 1923 and before President Harding started on his trip to Alaska, a group of United States Senators were discussing, in one of the committee rooms in the Senate at Washington, the possibilities of Republican victory in 1924. At that time there had been no suggestion of "Teapot Dome" as a political issue.

"On any other issue than the League of Nations," said one of the group, "the party will be swamped. I have always contended that there is one more Republican victory in the League of Nations." At the moment Mr. Calvin Coolidge was presiding over the senate not two hundred feet away. If, as the same senator stated, just a few weeks before the election that has marked Mr. Coolidge's great triumph, a poll had been taken in the United States Senate as to the wisdom of making Calvin Coolidge a candidate of the party "only one senator would probably have voted for him if the poll had been a secret one, and that one, Henry Cabot Lodge."

President Coolidge's victory, therefore, is a victory not only for Mr. Coolidge in the country, but it is a triumph over nearly all of the elements that have heretofore controlled his party. He has most decisively defeated the progressive wing of the party; he has just as decisively defeated the Old Guard group which dominated the Senate over which he presided when he was Vice-President; and in doing these things he has written a new chapter in American political history.

The emphatic victory of the Conservatives in England, the notable victory of the conservative Republican party here, and the ability of Mussolini to withstand the scandals in his party in Italy, more than justify those who believe that the world is swinging back to a conservative frame of mind, — at least in politics. "Normalcy," a word that was put into currency by the late President Harding, amidst much ridicule, is apparently the keynote of the day.

The almost complete collapse of the Democratic party in the North is as astonishing as the revival of the Republicans after

their two years of disorganization while in power with a majority in both houses of Congress. During the campaign it was frequently said that Mr. Coolidge was nominated at the Republican convention at Cleveland and elected at the Democratic convention in New York. When the latter opened in Madison Square Garden, it was a triumphant Democratic party that was assembling. But the bitter struggle that ensued between McAdoo and Smith was far more deep seated than anyone at the time could believe. No man in recent years has had higher personal qualifications for the presidency than John W. Davis. His political qualifications, however, were not so well established. He failed, despite great suavity of manner and charm of person, to allay the tempestuous and bitter feelings that has been aroused during the long fight between McAdoo and Smith. The Democratic campaign which should have started immediately after his nomination, was dead for months while he made strenuous but futile efforts to weld together his shattered machine.

In that time the Third party took on, in the public view, the character of opposition to the conservative Republican ticket, and when Mr. Davis was finally started on his campaign, he found himself confronted with a public sentiment already formed that the real fight was between the radical La Follette and the conservative Coolidge, and up to the very close of the campaign not all his efforts nor those of his feeble, disorganized, and half-hearted machine were able to remove the impression that he was but a third cog in the wheel.

During the campaign it was not infrequently stated that the result of this election would be to align all the conservatives on one side and the liberals and progressives on the other. The Republican party is now unquestionably the great conservative party of the country. It is so publicly, it is so proudly, whereas for the past quarter of a century it has been a little apologetic for its secret conservative leanings. Whether the Democratic party can tame the radicals and then assimilate them is one of the many natty little problems that awaits solution in the future.

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By The Pedestrian

IN LOCO MAGISTRI

SOME years ago I heard a proud parent say sententiously that the chief educational institution should be the home.

"You mean," I queried anxiously, "that Papa should be a sort of headmaster?"

"Why, yes," he replied with easy confidence. "That is, in the deepest sense of the word. If you do the right thing by your children, provide the right sort of home and all that, it doesn't matter much what sort of school you send them to."

The logic of these remarks, so far as they were intelligible, naturally appealed to a pedestrian mind. It is true enough that the child had to get his education at home before schools were ever thought of; and it is equally true that education should exist for the child, not for the school, — though you might think, from the way some people talk, that education was a device invented to justify the existence of schools. It is only a perverse and complicated civilization that makes schools necessary at all. Furthermore, if it were not sweetly reasonable to believe that the parent is the child's chief teacher, the unrelenting mathematics of the situation would break down any pretension to the contrary. Conscienceless parent, do you realize that your child is at school only one-sixth of its waking hours? Less, even, if it has a normal predisposition to truancy!

Convincing enough, all this; but it was very discouraging to me. I felt that my wife, in spite of my hindrance, might approximate the "right sort of home" stipulated by the aforesaid prophet; but I was worried by the "all that" part of the prescription. The "right sort of home" would be largely atmospheric, clearly the wife's province; but mysterious "all that," — it must be no less a thing than the solemn business of education itself, clearly the obligation of Papa. Having just indulged rather heartily the hope that the school would accomplish with my children what I had utterly failed to do, having been told frequently that a good school ought to stand *in loco parentis*, — I

now realized, if this prophet was right, that it was I, not the school, who must stand *in loco parentis*. A curious dilemma for a *parent!*

It at once became a feverish necessity to find out what education was. Before long I discovered a good many people, both professional and amateur, ready to tell me all about it. Most of them reminded me of the man who said, "I'm not argufyin'; I'm just a-tellin' you." So I turned to books. But I found they said about the same things, though with a more artful pretense of argument. They used a good deal of technical language and said a good many things I could not understand, so perhaps my conclusions aren't worth much; but I discovered, after a good deal of mental chewing, that such of their multifarious views as I could digest might be reduced to sixteen theories, — eight looking one way, eight the other. Just how these antagonistic theories might be harmonized I did not see, and no one tried very hard to tell me; just what might become of the child ("vile body" under the educational scalpel) while we were experimenting, I did not like to think. For example: "Education should allow greater freedom, that the child may realize its true self; beware of repression." (But mine are not angelic little dears! It may be all right for them to "realize their true selves" in a public school, but not in a decent, private house. At least, not twice!) *Per contra:* "The secret is constant discipline; 'spare the rod and spoil the child' is unpopular doctrine to-day, but it is *figuratively* as true as it ever was." (Gargantuan grimace by the reader, I hope.)

But I won't weary you, dear reader (perhaps also a perplexed parent with a newly awakened conscience), — I won't list for you all sixteen of the theories, especially as some of them require graphs and charts, and others prove conclusively that your child and his father-before-him are "low-grade morons." Theories I call them, in my audacity. "Fundamental principles" their champions call them, in their humility. It is true that I thought for a while that I might try them on alternate days, — bringing out the child's nature in all its naked loveliness (or unloveliness, as the case might be) on Sunday, say, and beating the devil out of the "intolerable being" on Monday. If one theory was right, I should find out in the course of a year or so which it was. I

might comfort myself somewhat, as I patched up my dismembered child, by thinking that I was doing a great service to mankind. The adventure appealed to me, — if only someone would lend me *his* child.

Then, one day when I was wandering about, the miserablest man in the whole town, I chanced upon a friend who solved the riddle.

"Why," he asked, when I unfolded to him my melancholy dilemma, "why believe any of them?"

To be sure, why? If they are so wholly at variance, no one theory can be right. I had now learned, as my friend went on to explain with delightful assurance, what education was not. In course of time, he added, I might learn what it was, — a practice, not a theory.

That was *my* parental-magisterial fire-baptism, my "Everlasting No." Thereafter I was free of educational theory and, like Carlyle to his devil in Leith Walk, could cry, "I forever hate thee!" Possibly, if the child showed symptoms of loveliness, I attempted to draw them out and told him that he took after his father. Sometimes, perhaps, I recognized him as an "intolerable being" and suited the action to the word. But I did these things only incidentally, with no reference in my mind to the sixteen theories; and I did a good many things not provided for by the orthodox rules.

What I did accomplish, though, was to find myself somewhat deeply *in loco magistri*. And the deeper I got in, the more I came to appreciate Kit Morley's fine saying, that teaching is "a great and laborious art." The more, too, I came to feel that I was right, as a teacher-*artist*, in not paying too *scientific* heed to the formulated theories. Indeed, of all the wise sayings I encountered in my search for the secret of education, only half a dozen have stood the test of practice in my slight experience. They admit of synthesis, too, if you want to get scientific about it; though I prefer to mumble them as a sort of educational *credo:*

First, "Education does not generate or infuse a new principle; it only guides and directs a principle already in existence."

Second, Kit Morley's wisdom, quoted above, that teaching is "a great and laborious art."

Third, a favorite remark of a friend, a teacher of the old school: "It takes two to make a teacher."

Fourth, from the late Samuel Thurber: "Each teacher must make his own methods with his own wits."

Fifth, from R. L. S.: "The first step for all is to learn to the dregs our own ignoble fallibility."

Sixth, a passing but pregnant phrase in a letter by a great headmaster, James Croswell:—"education, handing on the torch,—a sacramental office."

This business of education, after all, is not a pathological problem, to be left wholly to specialists; it's the chief job of parents,—perhaps the only justification they have left. And since the school has paraded itself as *in loco parentis* and has been fairly busy telling parents just what their job is, it seems reasonable that parents, *in loco magistri*, should have an opinion or two about the job of the school. Let's not be dictatorial about it; let's put it in the form of a question. If our schools and colleges are going to justify their calling to a "sacramental office," don't they need to take a vacation from the *abracadabra* of student-hours and courses by foot-pounds, and to pay more heed to what Bacon called the "manurance of minds"?

Of course there may be an esoteric reason for *abracadabra*, which only the initiated can understand. But the schools and colleges will retort, I fear, that the reason is quite exoteric,—simply the pressure of stupid and ignorant parents. "You insist that your dear children shall go through this mummery, you believe in your ignorance that a mysterious virtue inheres in a college education for every boy and girl, you set foolish store by the 'social value' of a degree; then you pay handsomely to support your curious faith and organize your alumni associations to enforce it,—what are we to do? We give you what you really want."

So there is a "both—and" aspect to this matter, too. It cuts both ways. The more I ponder the educational question, the more I feel that it is important for parents to find themselves *in loco magistri;* partly because it is their duty as well as their right, but also because they may then learn something about the schools and colleges. Instead of asking for more education, they may learn to ask for better education.

Soundings

A Novel in Seven Instalments — III

Arthur Hamilton Gibbs

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

NANCY HAWTHORNE, whose mother died giving birth to her, has been brought up by her father, an English artist. Up to her eighteenth year, she has only once been outside of Brimble, the small English village where they live. Sudden contact with sex, when "Curly," a village boy, kisses her, brings both father and daughter to the tardy realization that she is grown up. As an aftermath of the incident with Curly, Nancy becomes restless; she is imbued with a desire to explore life and to ascertain and appraise its values for herself. There are things which no one, not even her father, can tell her; these she must find out about. This feeling is inarticulate and expresses itself in a growing desire to escape from the uneventfulness of life in Brimble. One day when they are playing golf together, she asks her father to take her to the Continent — to Paris. Jim Hawthorne on his part has come to see that he has been deluding himself into believing that he was serving her best when in reality he has been absorbing her life to fill the emptiness of his own. He sends her off to the Continent, alone, — to the adventure of a year "on her own."

In Paris, Nancy meets Cornelia Evans, an American girl who is studying for grand opera. Together, they take a studio. As soon as they are settled the girls give a "house warming" party, to which Cornelia invites all those whom she particularly wants her new English friend to meet. Among these is Jean de Courcy, a young French cavalry lieutenant, and Cornelia's sister Marguerite and her French husband Paul, Count Bercy de Mornal. With a shock Nancy recognizes the Count; it is the man who accosted her the previous morning on the Rue de la Paix!

PART TWO

Chapter III

The studio had settled into regular habits. In the afternoons at tea time it was declared open, and anybody was free to wander in and stay as long as he liked. From time to time Marguerite dropped in. She never succeeded in shedding that older-sister manner, behind whose every remark was an implied criticism. Her presence therefore always carried a sense of restraint. Then, too, she invariably explained why her husband was unable to come, — unaware of the exchange of glances between her sister and Nancy.

Jean, whose regiment was stationed at Provins, was practically one of the family. Provins is a matter of two hours south by automobile. Jean did it in an hour and a quarter on a roaring motor cycle, which had beaten every other officer's in the regiment. With him as a guardian, guaranteed to behave himself if she let him hold her hand in a taxi, Cornelia, and Nancy, explored the side of Paris which alone, they could never have done. They would start in at the Café de Paris, get halfway through dinner, and then leap into a cab and finish up at some quaint resort in the Place Pigalle; or, getting restless at the Opera, would fly off to a second-rate but exciting music-hall in the Buttes Chaumont.

If Nancy's wonder about things was incessant, so also was her endeavor to find out. In all weathers, sometimes with Cornelia, more often without, she took her sketch book and explored Paris, up hill and down. She absorbed life as a hungry man absorbs steak and potatoes — with concentration and gusto.

Perched inconspicuously in a doorway, the angle of a monument, she made awings of the boulevards, of quaint *elles* from whose bulging windows one uld shake hands with one's neighbor ross the street, of groups of market arrows, each crowned with a huge cotton mbrella and attended by shrill-voiced omen in shawls, whose forearms were erculean.

She went down to the river and found ndless joy in the solemn fishermen, who ever seemed to catch anything and who ere apparently unconscious of the amaz- g beauty of the Seine, — slapping at the des of the passenger-laden *vedettes* that uffed pompously up one side and down ne other, sucking at the giant brown arges which lay so deeply and confidently n the water, spanned by bridges, dwin- ling in perspective to the size of straws, cross which marched and counter- narched an endless army of human ants. he made friends with the old men who an the second-hand book stands along ne *quais*, tried in vain to joke with the rchins who seemed to be infected with he virus of solemnity as soon as their first ork bobbed in the water at the end of a ne, and chatted with the waiters in the undred and one restaurants and *bras- eries* where she stopped at noon.

Somewhat to her surprise, — it had ever entered her experience before, — he began making those curious little ersonal discoveries that come with amiliarity in any given area: how certain treets were likable, not because of their ames but for their personality, because f some indefinable chemistry of light and ituation which endowed them with in- lividual qualities. She found herself, for nstance, deliberately slowing down as she valked past a certain high wall in the Rue le l'Université. Through the iron grille ould be seen a charming old-world court- ard. Creepers climbed up and a bronze oy stood on a stone pedestal in the cor- ner beneath an ancient and barren fig ree. She never saw any human being go ut there, but every time she would peer hrough the iron bars and discover anew hat that forgotten corner struck a respon- ive chord in her, generally rather a mel- ncholy chord, so that she would sigh eeply as she moved away, almost as if he ghost of the place were trying to say something to her, something which she never quite got. She didn't speak of these things to anyone else but locked them away in her mind as rather personal, im- perishable treasures, forms of loot, which she, and she alone, had got from Paris, in- finitely precious, a little gallery of impres- sions and sensations like a secret album.

There was something sensuous in the delight she felt in finding her way back in the late afternoon, pleasantly tired, when the dimming light softened all the out- lines. It became almost a dream city that you wouldn't be able to touch if you stretched your hand out, until suddenly, as if by magic, the whole world was strung with lights. At that moment it seemed to her that a subtle change had taken place, — as if a curtain had gone up on a differ- ent scene and an entirely new set of char- acters. With these she was not so familiar. They lent a touch of apprehension which, however, only emphasized the exquisite moment when she opened the studio door and went into the warm, candle-lit room, to be greeted by Cornelia and Jean and anybody else who might be there. The infinite satisfaction of "belonging"!

She adored those quiet hours when they sat round the stove and talked. There was no point of the compass that they didn't touch, — from astronomy to the wart on the nose of the concierge; from metaphys- ics to the question of whether, like Marguerite, it was possible to lull oneself into mental security with a husband whose roses were always in some other lady's boudoir.

In the process of going to bed one night Nancy had told Cornelia of her street- episode with the Count. She was rewarded with one of those flashes of sophistication that the American girl sometimes flung off. "If Paul were monogamous, Mar- guerite would die. It's only his promis- cuity that saves her. . . . Haven't you ever read *Anna Karenina?*"

"Yes," said Nancy, "but I didn't un- derstand. . . . I'm not sure that I do now. . . . Do you mean . . .? Oh my God! That isn't marriage." She shivered. "It's . . . it's death!" . . .

The door of the studio slammed.

"Hullo, honey!" said Cornelia. "You're back early." She took off her hat and dropped it into an armchair. Her fur coat followed, on top of the hat.

Nancy looked up from her book in the unseeing way of one whose whole attention is still held. Almost reluctantly she emerged from her absorption. "Oh my dear," she said, "this is priceless!"

"What've you got hold of?"

"Wells's latest, *Tono Bungay*."

"Extraordinary title!" said Cornelia. She repeated it twice. "What does it mean?"

Nancy laughed. "Among other things it means that I shan't do any work till I've finished it. It's the reason of my being back so early. I dropped into Brentano's just to have a prowl around and get some of the Christmas numbers, and caught sight of a pile of these. I just grabbed one and came straight home. . . . Oh, by the way, there's a telegram for you. See?" She pointed to the table.

Cornelia unfolded the crude blue piece of paper that is a French telegram. . . .

"Well, for Heaven's sake! Will you listen to this? . . . 'Fear not the Greeks bringing gifts. Clean up your sofas. Bob and I arrive this afternoon with Christmas presents for you and Nancy Hawthorne. Cancel all engagements. Warn off all beaux. Tell Nancy we expect great things of her. Lloyd.'"

For a brief moment there was silence.

Cornelia was on tiptoe, her lips apart, her eyes dancing, her face alight. "And I thought that letter he wrote me a month ago was a joke!" she cried.

Nancy looked as surprised as though she had received a message from another planet. Hitherto just an unrelated fact, a name of no more potential meaning to her than Bagdad or Oshkosh, this brother of Cornelia's had succeeded, by one careless phrase, in wiping out Wells's most brilliant novel, in creating a disturbance in the mind of a girl whom he had never seen.

"Expecting great things of *Nancy*, if you please! What cheek!" cried Nancy, all excited. "How old is he? What's he like?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Cornelia. "I've never seen him!"

Nancy gasped. "But, good lord, he's your brother, isn't he!"

"Oh, I thought you meant Bob."

Nancy laughed, jumped up and put her hands on Cornelia's shoulders. "Cornelia darling, you're perfectly shameless!"

"Shameless, nothing! Can you look me in the face and tell me that you're no hoping to make a hit with Lloyd?"

The phrase was like a lightning stroke It lit up the bottom-most recess o Nancy's mind, defined the desire o whose existence she had only been awar as a vague, shy, scarcely-formed thought Cornelia had dragged it out and labelled it. Nancy felt her cheeks begin to flame She turned away quickly. "You're per fectly absurd!" she said. "I don't car whether he comes or not!"

It would seem absurd to say that ther could be any relationship between Curly and the two Oxford men: yet their in fluences converged at a given point— Nancy.

The ripples caused by a stone droppin into a pond may cease, after a while, t ruffle the surface. Who can measure, how ever, the effect of the displacement in th depths? It is a legitimate supposition tha the intrusion of the stone may shift th polarity of an entire subaqueous cosmo In the case of Nancy, her immedia reaction to the sex impact of Curly wa expressed in terms of motion. During period of months she had diverted her a tention by a full response to the change scene, language, and responsibility. Suc ripples as she had perceived had exhauste themselves. Ostensibly everything was it always had been.

The fact that displacement had o curred, however, was proved by her sel consciousness at the arrival of Lloy Evans and Bob Whittaker, — a consciou ness of a changed self, differing by sh knew not how much from the Nancy wh so short a while ago had said good-bye her father at Brimble; differing in a ma ner from the recognition of which sh shrank timidly. New needs and desires, as old as time, — had begun to whisp their message to her. The vague clam within resembled the murmur of a se shell held close to the ear, — an elf sound of languorous oceans that mig at any moment become storm-lashe . . . It was not time to face herself wi the analysis of this disturbance. It w signalled, — hadn't she blushed peon red at Cornelia's challenge? — but it w something that must be put away, le alone, something that it wasn't right linger upon because . . . because . . .

Why wasn't it, when part of her yearned towards it? . . . Because everything that was Nancy withdrew from it with a quivering, "Not yet! . . . Not yet!"

Chapter IV

There was something about Bob. . . .

Of course Lloyd was immense fun, but one couldn't take him seriously. He never took himself seriously. A sort of Peter Pan, in the sense that he had never grown up, he was one of those rare and delightful souls who have the gift of transmuting everything to laughter. Even when he made music it was extraordinary to see how he always turned half away from the piano as though anxious to be in anything else that was going on. By sheer force of personality he took the centre of the stage, in a constant mental bubbling, tossing a yeasty word into the conversational dough, commenting upon aspects of people and things in a manner which revealed them to you in an entirely different perspective. He was the incarnation of youth, uncaringly insolent, free of all responsibility, taking life with both hands and using it as he saw fit, perfectly satisfied with it and himself, — delightful, exasperating, stimulating.

Thus Nancy to herself. The idea of him had been more overwhelming than the fact. She smiled at the notion of "making a hit" with him. Lloyd was not the kind that one made a hit with. He made a hit with you. He was a sort of brother-plus, like an adorable great Newfoundland pup, — belonging to someone else. You could pat him and give bits of cake to him and take his head in both hands and kiss it, — not that she did so, — without his establishing any claim upon one's emotions.

But there was something about Bob. . . .

Nancy observed Cornelia's tactics with a sense almost of apprehension, not for Cornelia but for herself. She found herself measuring her own reluctance against the other girl's supreme assurance. She marvelled at Cornelia's feminine response to Bob's presence to the exclusion even of the memory of Jean de Courcy. Without seeming to do so, she gave him her whole and undivided attention, sought to attune her key to his, to anticipate his change of mood or tense. It was extraordinary. How could she apparently obliterate from her being the effect of the touch of Jean's lips? Did she see Bob as a complete and separate unit, rather than from the angle of comparison, subconscious if you will, with Jean? To Nancy it would have been impossible. "Then, too," she thought, "it isn't because Bob has a special appeal for her. She'll be exactly the same to the next man who comes along. It's a sort of prostitution. . . . Why am I different? Is she normal, or am I? Why haven't I *her* attitude? Why do I hold back instinctively, as I did with Curly?"

There floated into her mind the scene in the gardens on the day she had first met Cornelia. She could almost feel again the warmth of the two children's bodies against her leg. "It's that!" she thought. "It's because — to me — it means that!"

In a short while it would be dusk. For a second Nancy hesitated. Then she said, "Let's go this way!" Bob turned obediently. Together they entered the Rue de l'Université.

To the ancient Romans a sneeze during the consultation of the augurs might determine the overthrow of a great empire. To Bob Whittaker this insignificant veering of direction was without portent. He had no idea that in Nancy's mind he was like the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand," that it was he who had pushed ajar the door of her interest, and that at this moment as she invited him to turn into the Rue de l'Université she was putting him to a test, the result of which might mean admission or rejection. To him one street was as good as another, especially as he was walking down it with Nancy. . . . Cornelia, of course, was devilish attractive, and so on, but somewhat obvious. Then, too, she was Lloyd's sister. . . . But there was something elusive about Nancy. . . .

He looked down at her as she stepped out beside him, slim and straight as a narcissus, her cheeks glowing with the cold, a chestnut curl clinging to the brim of her hat. She sensed it and glanced up at him. There was a curious glint in her brown eyes.

He took a deep breath, looked away quickly, and said, "I suppose you've read La Vie de Bohème?" And he was thinking, "Tillie is like rose leaves to kiss. But this girl, — my God!" Tillie was behind the counter of a tobacco shop in Oxford.

Nancy said, "Rather! It's one of the most wonderful books ever written." And she was thinking, "Good lord! why did I do it? I've been shy of showing my little bronze boy to any soul on earth, and now I'm bringing *him* here. . . . Why do I want to know if he'll feel it? Why am I sharing it with him? Why am I trembling like a fool?"

The two Oxford men had been there a week, camping in the studio, meeting the girls each morning, — Cornelia in a gorgeous kimono, — over the breakfast coffee, lunching with them, doing Paris with them, the smoke of their final cigarettes filtering under the closed bedroom door that separated them at night.

Jean de Courcy had only been there once, although both men liked him. *Tono Bungay* had not been opened again. In the new tempo set by this masculine invasion, Nancy's attention had been drawn by imperceptible degrees towards Bob. She had been perfectly content to leave him to Cornelia, first because she was fond of Cornelia, and secondly because she was amused and willingly absorbed by Lloyd's monopoly of herself, — a delightful affair of jolly badinage which she accepted warmly and whole-heartedly.

At odd moments, however, in the rough and tumble of that foursome, a remark of Bob's, a look, an unexpected silence, had reached through to her, momentarily withdrawing her attention from the others and focussing it upon him. The result was curiosity, interest, a desire to explore his personality, to be able to pigeonhole him. Not that her interest was purely mental. There was nothing of the Newfoundland pup about Bob. Nancy knew intuitively that he was not the type who could be patted. How she knew it, she didn't know; but she knew it, and was mightily intrigued to discover wherein lay this vital difference between the two men.

It was with surprise, which soon gave place to a warm sense of triumph, of pride, that she realized that the interest was mutual, that the intended subjugation by Cornelia was not only being quietly sidestepped, but that Bob was breaking down Lloyd's monopoly. Herein undoubtedly was the cause of that impulse to give something and obtain something in return which had made Nancy turn down that street.

The Rue de l'Université had never seemed so long, but at last the grille was reached. Nancy stopped him with a pointing finger. "Look!" she said.

It was a curious moment. As she looked in at the little grey cloister, which conveyed the sense of a rest between two bars of music, it seemed to her that the message of the bronze boy had changed. Nothing had been touched, — the gnarled fig tree stuck its branches out forlornly, the boy stood starkly on his pedestal, — but the feeling of emptiness, of yearning, was lifted. She could have sworn that the boy smiled, that the place had come to life, as if the fig tree might at any moment burst into bud. . . . She stared, open-eyed, through the grille. To her Bob Whittaker, whose shoulder was just touching hers, was no longer Bob Whittaker. The individual, it seemed, was rubbed out, his outline blurred. The girl had found man, rather than a man, — the ideal beyond and merged with the real, — and the two were confused.

It lasted but a breath, in the same way that sometimes in the glow of a street lamp one catches a glimpse of a girl's tilted chin, a door opens in one's perception and through it, for the space of a heartbeat, one can follow that unknown down a vista of years.

Bob's voice brought her back. " 'The world forgetting by the world forgot,'" quoted Bob. "It reminds me of a place on the Cher above Oxford, a place called Water Eaton, — isn't that lovely? — where an old Elizabethan house sits up on a terraced lawn. The yews are carved like peacocks, and down in the corner of the garden is an old chapel tucked away under some enormous elms. No one seems to live there. There's never any smoke in the chimneys, and the windows without curtains are like blind eyes. But in some odd way, merely to sit in a punt and look at it makes one want to write love songs. . . . Lloyd and I often go up there and drift back by moonlight." He stopped, suddenly remembering with a smile the last occasion when they had floated downstream, — Tillie beside him in the narrow punt, his head pillowed upon her breast, while Lloyd made Hawaiian croonings with an ukulele.

And Nancy, unaware of yesterday, heard only his words and was glad of

to-day. "Oh, lucky you!" she said. "That must have been perfect."

Bob looked at her. "Almost!" he said.

They smiled. Neither moved. It was as though each was expecting the other to say something, something momentous.

Suddenly the street lamps blazed out. Then, "Let's go home and have tea," said Nancy, and with far-away eyes she fell in step.

As they crossed the street a taxi hurtled past, just missing them. It startled Nancy out of her dream. She found, to her surprise, that she had linked her hand through his arm. She had never done that before, not even with Lloyd. . . .

She let her hand stay there.

Chapter V

The rendezvous that night for dinner was at the d'Harcourt.

A little flurry of snow was blowing when Nancy and Bob pushed open the door into the light and warmth to find the others already holding down a corner table.

Lloyd waved a menu. "I was just betting Cornelia that you two had eloped. Bob, old man, you disappoint me! What was it Shakespeare got off about neglected opportunities binding one forever to shallows and miseries? To keep to the language of the period: You are a nit-wit! . . . Nancy, come and sit here. I claim your attention for the rest of the evening." He took Nancy's arm and steered her to a place beside him on the seat.

Bob sat down beside Cornelia. "Hello," he said, "how did you get on with your family?"

Cornelia's nose wrinkled. "Duty is as duty does," she said. "Rita certainly picked a lemon when she grabbed that title."

"You're right," said Lloyd. "Let it be an object lesson to you two girls. Don't wait till the last call for dinner. Warmed-over stuff like our respected brother-in-law is bound to cause indigestion, and as marriage is the keystone. . . ."

A groan from Bob interrupted him. "Oh lord! Give him food, or drink,—anything if you want to save yourself from his dissertation on marriage!"

Lloyd looked at him. "And you from a rectory!" he said with infinite reproach. "What is coming to the good manners of England when a parson's son can not listen twice to the same dissertation without rude interruptions? Nancy, I apologize for my fellow Oxonian." His voice dropped to a gentler note of pompous tolerance. "A mere fresher you understand. Hasn't fully absorbed the traditions. Doesn't quite strike the academic note; but promising, distinctly promising. . . . Now, as I was saying, marriage and hanging go by destiny. Some women. . . ."

The arrival of the soup might have been expected to have a retarding influence upon Lloyd's oratory. It acted, on the contrary, as a lubricant. The interjections of Cornelia and Bob were stimulants to his good-humored fooling.

From other tables came the convivial rattle of cutlery, the excitable quality of French voices, an occasional burst of laughter, the synthetic odor of food, wine, and tobacco. There was color, too,—strange white faces with carmined lips; long, white arms; vivid splashes of green dresses, orange cloaks, red hats; lesser spots of ruby and amber where the light shone down on wine glasses.

Nancy heard herself laughing and talking as if she were some one else. She was still in a sort of glamour, as though, with one brain-cell left on duty to look after the Nancy who was having dinner, the rest of her were detached, disembodied, not conscious of anything in terms of words, but just existing as a glowing warmth, a benevolence, a satisfaction in the inner depths of which dwelt Bob.

The talk had switched to Oxford.

"When do you have to go?" asked Cornelia.

"Next Friday," said Bob. "Why don't you two come over and spend a week-end? We can't offer you a sofa, but we could pilot you round a little." His eyes sought Nancy's.

As she looked at Bob she knew that his invitation was for her. What did next Friday matter? Or their going? Or Oxford? Little things like time and space didn't count. They couldn't interfere with the fulness of her satisfaction, which was something complete in itself, something independent even of Bob's presence. Like Dad, who was miles away, Bob was within her kingdom, occupying a definite place, representing certain lasting values. Beyond that, at the moment, she did not

go. Of course, Cornelia, Lloyd, and Jean were there too, in a way, but they were an entirely different affair, on the outer rim, as it were, sentinels on the frontier.

Cornelia declined the week-end.

Nancy smiled. That didn't matter either. Everything was just beginning.

"At the first hint of spring," said Cornelia, "I'm going to cable Papa to let me get a car. It's going to be the most cajoling cable a man ever got. Then Nancy and I are going to run around quite a little, believe me! Incidentally we're going to swing a golf stick to some purpose."

Lloyd's ears pricked up. "Are you a golf fan, Nancy?"

"Is she!" cried Cornelia. "I believe she'd give you a half and trim you."

"You don't say!" said Lloyd. "Why here's unexpected treasure; deep calling to deep, and so on. What do you shoot?"

"Meaning, what's my handicap?" laughed Nancy.

"I apologize," said Lloyd. "Whenever I get excited I invariably lapse into the vernacular."

"Well," said Nancy, "you see I've only played at home, at Brimble, and its a tiny nine hole course with greens like pocket handkerchiefs. . . ."

"Why Nancy!" Cornelia broke in, "you told me that you'd broken forty."

"Well, I have two or three times," admitted Nancy, "but that was on a really good day with everything rolling just right."

"Cornelia," said Lloyd, "you'll have your work cut out, but *get that car!*"

"Well," said Cornelia, "you'd better write to Papa and back me up. He was a little restive when I wrote him a month ago and broke it to him gently that he was keeping me in a state of penury."

"Let's both tackle Mother," said Lloyd. "She's got a heart!"

Cornelia's nose wrinkled. "My dear," she said, "I'm afraid I've made that discovery too many times! Still I do think she might make Papa realize the importance of a car, — quite a little one, — just now."

Nancy smiled. How odd it was that they should worry and be in doubt! She turned to Cornelia with a quiet prescience that admitted no argument. "You'll get the car," she said.

Chapter VI

The murmur of the sea shell had changed its note.

Not by any process of clear thinking did Nancy awaken to a recognition of this fact, but by being an involuntary witness of a culminating moment in the lives of two little poeple whom she had never seen before and would probably never see again.

Up to that moment, for a long time after the departure of Bob, there had existed an interregnum in the girl's mind, a delicious lull, — the kind of negative condition that creeps upon one when dangling a hand over the edge of a boat into limpid water, vaguely conscious of sun, of water-lilies, of the plop of a rising fish, one's mind dreamy, drowsy, unutterably at peace. The thought of him was never wholly absent, never wholly present. It was there as a tugging undercurrent, a vague background. It was not an interference; rather an accompaniment, in the same way that one can go through a day's activities listening through everything, not so much with the ear as with the mind, to the lilt of a certain bar of music.

Nancy went through the days just as accessible as ever. Far from being able to complain that she was relegated to second place, Cornelia found that any demand upon Nancy was met with a more eager response than formerly. In every sense of the word, she was quickened.

Cornelia phrased it otherwise. "Nancy Hawthorne," she said, "I'm jealous of you. You seem to be getting more outrageously lovely to look at every day. If you rob me of Jean as you did of Bob there'll be trouble."

The remark was half serious, half joking. Without a trace of embarrassment that had covered her before the coming of the two men, Nancy laughed, took Cornelia's face in her two hands and kissed it. "Jean is as safe from me as the Bank of England," she said.

Then came April, that sweet urgent month, — April, when almost overnight the whispered credo of the budding trees bursts forth into a full-throated magnificat of green; when little clouds go racing excitedly across the sky as though to carry the good news to the uttermost

horizon, only to break up into gusts of rain as though the speed were too great; when man, like the other wild animals born in captivity, throws back his head and sniffs the air restlessly, with indeterminate longing.

It was at the end of April that Nancy saw the two little people. She saw them from her bedroom window.

Behind her in the room Cornelia lay sleeping. Nancy, reading late, had just snapped off the light, but the moon was so beautiful that she got up just to look out before going to sleep.

Was Bob floating down stream from Water Eaton to-night? . . . Nancy moved restlessly.

There were two people strolling along the path. A soldier and a young girl. How distinct was the scrunch of their feet on the gravel. Their voices came up, very low.

Lovers? Nancy smiled. "Why not? I hope they are," she thought. "But it isn't fair to be a Peeping Tom like this. The darlings imagine themselves alone in the world." She looked away to where the glow in the sky indicated Montmartre beyond an infinitude of roofs. Lovers! How perfect it would be to float downstream to-night. . . .

A sharp "*Non, non, non!*" in the girl's voice made her look down again quickly.

They were standing in the middle of the path. The soldier had his arm round the girl; with one hand she was pushing him away, her head back, resistance in every line of her.

Nancy turned hot all over. It was Brimble again, and the hill and Curly. . . .

She wanted not to look. She wanted to go away from the window. And yet she wanted to see; she wanted to stay there. The man's voice came low and insistent. Nancy stood rooted, her throat dry, her heart thumping.

The man was pulling the girl nearer, nearer. . . . Suddenly she gave a little cry, yielded, went into his arms, pressed against him, eagerly, hungrily, locking both her white arms round him as though with desperate courage.

At last Nancy wrenched herself away from the window, white, shaking. All the little half-thoughts and dissimulations, which for three months had just popped their heads up and gone again, — came rushing out of their limbo, assailed her with their real meaning, so that it stood out in her mind as starkly and clearly as the two people down below. Nothing was blurred any more. All her senses echoed with the shouted message, — she wanted Bob like that!

For three months she had been a passive register. For three months this truth had clamored and struggled for recognition. She had turned aside, switched her mind to something else, played with half-truth. But the action of the girl down in the garden was like a spark to gunpowder.

In that smell of lilacs which she would never forget, Nancy stood there quivering. She saw herself and Bob, his mouth on hers, her heart thumping against his, their arms holding one another close. . . .

Nancy closed her eyes in surrender.

. . . . . .

The sober light of morning saw Nancy striding up the Champs Elysées, with set face, seeing nothing, headed for nowhere in particular, — anywhere, provided she kept on walking.

With the receding of the tide of emotion that had swept her away, her mind came into its own again, critical, revengeful even. Fool! idiot! weakling! were some of the epithets she hurled at herself. She drove herself on with the deliberate idea of punishing herself. She made no attempt to deny to herself that her yielding last night was just as much a fact as the French girl's. She had abandoned herself completely to the moment. The mere memory made her feel hot with discomfort, and yet in a savage sort of way she was glad that she had. It was better than pretending, better than playing hide and seek with the truth. "I'm a *woman*," she said, "and when you've said that you've said all there is to say! . . . And that's damn silly too! You've only just begun. But at least last night's — exhibition has brought me out of my coma. I've been playing the fool with myself all this time. I'm not ashamed of last night. Why should I be? I'm young and outrageously healthy; but where the devil *am* I? Let's get down to this thing."

With the masculine expression that was the outcome of constant association with her father and which was second nature

to her in heated moments, Nancy began to try and worry her way through. She asked herself bluntly if she hadn't been tricked by a combination of spring fever and perhaps a subconscious storing of jealousy of the physical attentions that Jean was always paying, in however tiny a way, to Cornelia. How could she see that all the time and not make some kind of response? If it was that, then she was doubly a fool to have let herself pin the results on Bob, — a man whom she had only known for fourteen days. "Ah!" she said. "There you are, — a *man*. Is that it? Is it Bob himself as an individual, or is it because he's a man who happened to come along just at the moment when I was ready to be attracted? How on earth do I know? How the *devil* can one disentangle this thing? Can one be in love with love? Is this a fever through which every girl — woman — goes the first time a man singles her out? How about Cornelia? She seems to be exempt, — probably because she's acquired the technique of passing from one beau to another as casually as a butterfly from a rose bush to a syringa. She doesn't pretend to love any of them. . . . Do I *love* Bob? . . ." She sneered aloud. "Oh rats! How could that question ever come up if I did? Wouldn't it be something . . . something fundamental in me, a quiet certainty, a sort of definite knowledge that would be absolute? . . . In that case, last night . . . My God, I don't know! I don't know! I'll have to see him again. I've *got* to see him again. Just one look at him and I'll know immediately if it's really *him*, or whether I've fooled myself into thinking that it is."

She stopped suddenly and with a gesture that was purely nervous rubbed her face with both hands. She looked about her bewildered, not recognizing her surroundings. Turning, she saw the Arc de Triomphe in the far distance. A taxi came along. She hailed it, got in, gave the studio address, and curled herself up in the corner.

"Lord," she muttered, "this thing has played the devil with me. I mustn't think about it any more."

She felt suddenly terribly sleepy, her eyelids were drooping. "Mustn't think any more . . . fool . . . wait till . . . Bob comes." She was asleep.

Chapter VII

The car was an accomplished fact. To Cornelia it represented the fruits of victory after an epistolary bombardment that had battered down all defenses. The news of its purchase was too exciting to be told in a letter; it was telegraphed to Lloyd. The reply, also by telegram, was typical, "Hot dog! Have made summer plans accordingly. Will land St. Malo June 15. You two meet boat with car. No refusal accepted. Foursome will then proceed direction unknown who cares. Bringing golf sticks. Love from both to both. Lloyd."

June fifteenth! June fifteenth! . . . The words tapped out a rhythm in Nancy's brain like soft hammer strokes. She would see Bob again on June fifteenth. She would *know* on June fifteenth! It was impossible to sit still. She began pacing the length and breadth of the studio.

"Let's drive on there a week earlier," said Cornelia. "We can make the trip in a couple of days."

Nancy stopped in front of Cornelia. "Do you realize that on June the thirtieth my year will be over?"

"What! . . . Oh, but that's ridiculous," said Cornelia. "You can't go home just as the boys come out. Write to your father and tell him all about our plans. Better still, invite him to join us!"

Nancy shook her head. "It depends. You see. . . ."

"See what?" urged Cornelia.

"Well," said Nancy, hedging, "Dad and I agreed on a year, and the time will be up then. Of course I may stay a day or two over, or even a week if . . . if things pan out right. We'll see. . . . I may *want* to go home at the end of June."

"Oh!" said Cornelia. "You think you'll have had enough of us by then?"

Nancy looked startled. She was jerked away from her own problem by the other girl's touch of hurt. "Why, dear old thing, you don't really think that!"

"I think we'll all be mad at you if you go dashing off just as the party begins!" Cornelia turned and followed her next questions with her eyes. "Why may you *want* to go, Nancy? What do you mean exactly by things panning out right? Is it Lloyd — or Bob?"

Nancy stopped, suddenly intensely

ware that there were doors to her inner lf through which she could never invite ornelia. She was awfully fond of her, ould sacrifice many things for her, but t that moment she knew that Cornelia ad come as far as she ever could along ie path of intimacy.

Deliberately, without the flicker of an yelash, Nancy lied. "No," she said. "It's ad. His last three letters have all asked bout my coming." She went on with bsolute truth. "Brimble has been grow- ng the last few days. I mean that instead f looking back at it, as I have been up to ow, in wonder at how I could ever have een a happy cabbage there when there as all *this* to see and do," — she swept n arm that included the studio and the vhole of Paris, — "I've begun to look orward to it again . . . as if I had raveled round the circumference of a ircle. But it isn't the same Brimble, — vhich, of course, is another way of saying hat it isn't the same me. My whole atti- ude towards it has changed. I realize ow that in the old days Brimble domi- nated me. It just *was*, and I accepted it s an end rather than as a means. It was ny world, unchanging and therefore nchangeable."

"And now?" Cornelia's quick annoy- ance had gone like a jet of steam.

"Now?" Nancy echoed the word and remained silent for a moment. How much had she changed? It was impossible to tell, would be until from some future date she could look back upon the present. But to-day she felt within her that she had become the mistress of Brimble, that she had not only the power, but the will to take hold of it and direct its course, to use it for her own ends. Both her father's needs and her own were going to be so different. "Now," she said, with a little laugh and a gesture of defiance, "I'm going to make Brimble a jumping off place to life. I don't know just how. I'll have to thrash the thing out with Dad. But it's going to be done!"

Chapter VIII

The striking thing about the Grand Hotel at Paramé was its cleanliness. The girls were sharing a room which was almost monastic in its simplicity. It seemed to be mostly floor, beeswaxed to the point of danger. By way of furniture, — and they didn't seem to break the floor line at all, — there were a large double bed, a washstand, a chest of drawers, and two stiff wooden chairs. Yet the room seemed to be filled with color. The window was the secret. It framed a great slice of sea, sky, and sand, — a jade-green sea, gashed by reddish-brown rocks and stippled with whitecaps; a sky of unbelievable blue; and a curving sweep of sand that was the color of molten gold. At the end of that curve, some three miles away, was a brown lump sticking out into the sea and only distinguishable from rock by a ragged skyline above which sprouted a cathedral spire. It was St. Malo, more like a fortress than a town.

Between Paramé and St. Malo an abbreviated steam tram rocked and clattered and tooted. Its passengers were brawny peasant women in rusty black gowns and wide white linen caps, ladies, priests in shovel hats whose lips moved as they read their breviaries, schoolboys in uniform, fat bourgeois whose linen collars were almost hidden beneath silky beards, English holiday-makers who gloried in their sunburn; French sailors on leave from foreign service.

Nancy and Cornelia dissociated themselves from the crowd that poured out of the tram, and passed with exclamations of delight beneath the escutcheoned battlements of the Grande Porte. They wandered haphazard, down side streets where women sat in doorways just out of the sun, making hand lace; past rambling ship-chandlers whence came the magic odor of tarred ropes-ends and tackle suggestive of the seven seas; out into sunny "places" all swept and garnished with flower borders; into the deep gloom of the cathedral, the walls of whose side chapels were incrusted with commemorative plaques in honor of Our Lady of the Sea who had saved so many brave fisher lads and interceded for those who had gone down.

"Of course," said Cornelia, as they were lunching at a marble-topped table outside the hotel in the Place Chateaubriand, — a square that basked in the shade of great elms towering above the city wall, — "of course, I know it's awfully cute and all that, but when it comes to the seaside give me Atlantic City! We can exhaust this place in two days."

"I'm in love with it," said Nancy. "It's like an old master, mellow with age and tradition. I could potter around with a sketch book for months. Have you noticed the cathedral chimes every quarter of an hour? Aren't they the most perfect things you've ever heard?"

"Yes, they are lovely," admitted Cornelia, "but they make me feel like Rip Van Winkle."

"Oh rats!" said Nancy. "I believe you're just grumbling because you think it's the thing to do. Why, good heavens, this place makes one feel that King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table might have trotted in a cavalcade through the Grande Porte. If all you can call it is 'cute,' you don't deserve to be here!"

Cornelia's nose wrinkled in a delighted grin. "I thought that would make you mad," she said. "No, but seriously, honey, I am right when I say that there's nothing to do. It's all right for you. You've got your sketchbook, in other words your work. *You* couldn't just moon around and look at it for long, even though it catches your imagination more keenly than it does mine. As a matter of fact it's only because you could work on it that it does strike your imagination."

"That's true," said Nancy, "up to a point."

"All right. Up to a point. But you must admit that while you can sit and paint it I can't very well stand and sing to it! . . . No, honey, believe me I shall be right there on the quay the day after to-morrow to meet our young hopefuls!"

The day after to-morrow! A sudden shyness, a wave of nervous panic dried Nancy's throat. She had forgotten. She rose abruptly. "Let's go. Where's that waiter? . . . *Garçon, l'addition!*"

"What's your hurry?" asked Cornelia. "It's cool here, and you haven't finished your coffee."

Nancy was fumbling with unsteady fingers at her purse. "No," she said, "I want to go for a swim. I'm all hot and sticky. Let's go back to the hotel."

The day after to-morrow! Nancy was glad that the metallic screeching and grinding of the tramway made conversation impossible. She needed to collect herself. Through the windows she looked out at the sweep of sea and saw — Paris. It had been a sort of dream city, impersonal in some ways, until the adventure of Cornelia gave it reality, — brought it to life. The next period unrolled itself as a kaleidoscope of pictures, people, and incidents, — a time of happy watching and sorting and classifying, through which all the time (she saw it now so clearly) her self had been elbowing for expression. She had not recognized it, not wholly, until the news of Bob's coming. Up to that moment her self had been secondary to her environment, — the color, the language, the experience, had absorbed her. Then Bob came.

From that moment Paris had changed. Her self had erupted like a volcano, submerging the city. Only bits of it stuck up, — a day when they had driven down to Provins and explored the cavalry barracks with Jean; other isolated days when, on different golf courses, she had thrilled to find herself regaining length on her drive, getting the feel of her mashie again so that she was pitching them on the green to stop within a yard of the cup — but those occasions stood out like a chain of islands at each of which she had paused in her voyage across the uncharted sea of self, a lonely voyage of perplexities and hesitations, of ardors and languors, of courage, and of fear. Their two-day trip across France had been a pause; the adventure of launching themselves into the unknown, an Odyssey.

Until Cornelia's comment at lunch this old-world spot in Brittany had been to her just one other port in the Odyssey, a continuation of the adventure. The significance of June the fifteenth had been held back from her mind by the exhilaration of continuous action, — as the crowd is held back by fuming policemen from a parade.

Now, as her body responded to the swaying and lurching of the tram, she realized in a state of rising agitation that it was *here* that she was to meet again the man who had given the impetus to her self, who by his shout had started the avalanche; that in a few hours almost when she touched his hand and looked into his eyes, she would read there the signal to advance, one way or the other beyond the crossroad of doubt which was represented for her by that April night when the lilacs had bewitched her.

It was no longer a matter of months but of hours.

TO BE CONTINUED



The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Havelock Ellis

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am deeply interested in the article by Havelock Ellis in the October FORUM, entitled *New Impressions*, especially the section on *Man and Nature*. Let me repeat: "If Man but knew, — to-day is not too late to save the world." You, — THE FORUM, — have one of the surest ways to reach the public, to make them think; and those who do realize our danger should encourage the Editor to send out more of the same thought. The public must be informed along these lines, and by undertaking this task your magazine will reach more people and get closer to the heart of mankind. Few are interested enough to take the time to read a lengthy discussion on "overpopulation" or "race improvement" but they will gladly read a short magazine essay on the subject.

By such articles you will start men and women thinking and leave a desire for more truth and enlightenment. As Mr. Ellis says: "There is still a way of escape open to man. If, even yet, he should gain conscious and deliberate control of his own fatal power of reproduction, if he could learn to bring his own kind back again into better adjusted perspective with nature, by decreasing his reproductive exuberance to increase the possibilities of free and exalted living, he would be making what seems to many foolish people the Great Renunciation of life which would yet be in reality the Great Triumph of life."

Robert Keable in *Recompense* (1924) hints at this idea in a popular novel. Probably he thought the idea of a "better race" would be more sure of attention, and be read by more people in a novel than elsewhere. Again, in the October number of the "Cosmopolitan," Dr. Max G. Schlapp has an article, *Are You Women Fit To Be Mothers?* reminding us of our careless living.

Professor Edward M. East of Harvard, has written a wonderfully enlightening book, (Scribners, 1924) entitled *Mankind At The Crossroads*, which deals with "Racial Prospects and Racial Dangers."

I quote from Professor East's book, page 353, as follows: "After the direct and circumstantial evidence as to the evils of uncontrolled parentage, of which only a meagre sample has been presented, who can doubt that widespread rationalization of parentage will aid greatly in cutting down maternal and infant mortality, will effect a reduction of congenital defectives, and will lower the frequency of many diseases?" He concludes his book with this sentence: "Knowledge to prevent the decay of our social fabric is not wanting; but it is a serious question whether there is the required amount of that type of ability which will make a substantial effort to apply it."

It will be difficult to find persons with ability and courage, to present and teach this idea to the public, but the very fact of the "birth of the thought as a way out," seems to me to insure its success; I hope in the reasonably near future.

CLARA M. RAY.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Calvin Coolidge

Editor of THE FORUM:

You ask me in 150 words to wipe out the entire September-October number of "The Searchlight" magazine which devotes perhaps 10,000 words to proving that Calvin Coolidge is an intellectual numbskull and a cowardly, whited sepulchre, whose claim to fame has been through public calamities and the personal misfortunes of others. Such an answer is impossible. A mere glance at "The Searchlight's" method of reasoning is sufficient.

The Editor of "The Searchlight" states that (a) the Boston Police Strike which left death and devastation in its wake gave Coolidge the Vice-Presidency; that (b) the Harding hearse carried him to the White House. Logical conclusion: — (a) The Civil War on slavery, which left death and devastation in its wake, made Lincoln famous; therefore, let's tear down the Lincoln monument; (b) Theodore Roosevelt stepped over McKinley's body into the White House; therefore, both Roosevelt and Coolidge are vampires!

"The Searchlight's" Boston Police Strike argument, — which happens to be a re-hash of similar but better reasoned articles appearing in "The Nation" and the New York "World," months ago, — maintains that Coolidge skulked, hid, and quavered during the strike. We stoop to quote from "The Searchlight:" "Some have asserted that Coolidge disappeared and could not be found. Some say that he fled to Parker's house . . . and had the telephone wires cut in order that he might not be forced to show his hand. Others think that he was hiding in Westfield. Others tell of his crouching in fear behind a barricade in the Adams House . . . " etc., etc.

Is not the very extravagance of the statements sufficient answer without delving into the documents?

In my biography of Mr. Coolidge, I did not maintain that he acted heroically: — On the contrary, that foremost praise for endeavor to prevent the strike should go to Mayor Peters; that Coolidge moved in the background, adhering to the principle of non-compromise; but that after the strike broke, Coolidge captured and capitalized public sentiment by his ringing epigrams. To that analysis I adhere. Arguments such as "The Searchlight's" fall of their own weight when they twist gray into pitch black and pale pink into screeching crimson.

HORACE GREEN.

New York City.

Criticism and Suggestion

Editor of THE FORUM:

To my mind your Japanese Naturalization Debate has had the effect of giving your readers a wrong impression of what is the present Japanese Question, and that thereby you have prejudiced the efforts of a solution of the question.

Hardly anyone who knows that the only live issue with Japan concerns the Immigration of only 100 Japanese per year, is opposed to giving Japan that quota; but many people are opposed to giving American citizenship to the 125,000 Japanese on the American Continent, and to the 125,000 Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands.

A debate on the Japanese Immigration Question ought to take only a few pages. The gist of the side for allowing the quota is contained in the proposals extracted from my letter addressed to Mr. Paul Scharrenberg:

"1. — To make a treaty with Japan allowing her the immigration quota on basis of the 1890 census, but not in excess of the numerical quota that would be allowed Japan if the present immigration law did not deny immigration to people ineligible to American citizenship.

No such treaty to be made unless Japan has first requested such quota, and acknowledges that immigration and naturalization are purely optional with each of both countries.

2. — To make similar treaties under similar conditions with other countries whose people are ineligible to American citizenship.

No treaties with any other country shall allow immigration to the United States of more immigrants per year in total number than the total number per year allowed to Japan upon the basis of the quota on the 1890 census.

The above suggestion meets every objection that I can find as having been raised by Mr. McClatchy and his asso-

iates in his anti-Japanese quota campaign.

You will notice that if the above plan is adopted: —

1. — It would remove the objection that the President has heretofore interfered with the function of Congress in making an immigration treaty without the consent of Congress.

2. — It would guarantee against Japanese immigration except to a mere 100 per year.

3. — It would not be increased by the new method of quota to be used in 1927.

4. — It would settle the question of immigration and naturalization being under America's sole control.

5. — It would allow only 100 Chinese per year to come into America if the President made an immigration treaty with China.

If you can suggest any other arguments against allowing Japan the quota on the above basis, will you please mention them, and I will try to amend the above suggested plans to meet your objections.

You know that I am and always have been opposed to immigration of all forms of labor in competition with American labor, and that I wish to guard against any plans that may let down the bars for immigration of labor in any form, no matter whether it wishes to come from the North, South, East or West, because after all, every kind of labor competes with every other kind of labor within our country.

The Japanese Immigration Question is of easy solution if approached in the right spirit."

E. Clemens Horst.

San Francisco, Cal.

Commendation

Editor of The Forum:

What The Forum has published concerning the Japanese question will prove of permanent interest and value. I feel strongly that we need more and constant light on these problems. I was in Geneva last week, and it seemed obvious to all except the blind enthusiasts that serious sacrifices must be made by the nations that hold most of the world, its markets, its raw materials, and its colonizing areas, to grant equality of opportunity to others, if we are ever to arrive at a durable basis for permanent peace.

Herbert Adams Gibbons.

Princeton, New Jersey.

"Brass Tacks"

Editor of The Forum:

For years I have heard the expression "brass tacks." The matter has been given particular emphasis lately through the fact that General Dawes, in his acceptance speech, used the expression. Also a brass manufacturer in Bridgeport, Conn., is sending out a little souvenir brass tack, claiming its derived meaning is something fundamental and genuine.

I would like to know just how this expression originated, as I have heard several different explanations. Can your readers help out?

F. M. Clark.

New York, N. Y.

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle,
Editorial Department.

Editor of The Forum:

I have exhausted every source of information we have and have also called to our aid the public library without finding the source of the saying "getting down to brass tacks."

There are very many sayings and customs that seem to have come from nowhere, and I am inclined to think that this is one of them.

I called up the Bridgeport Brass Company, as they are quoting the saying on a small envelope and inviting the person getting it to find inside a substantial evidence of the saying, but this is just an advertisement of their brass products.

I am asking if a reader can supply the information next Sunday, and, possibly, we may get a response, but I very much doubt it.

A. J. Aubrey.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Brooklyn "Daily Eagle,"
Editorial Department.

Editor of The Forum:

In reply to your query inserted in yesterday's "Eagle," we are informed that in old times in country districts the

farmers used a measure that was studded on the inside of the bottom with brass tacks intended to prevent wear. Our informant says that such measures are still in use in some out of the way districts in New England. This explanation gives the saying the meaning of "getting down to the bottom."

A. J. AUBREY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Was the War Worth While?

Editor of THE FORUM:

BELGIUM: that cocotte, her skirts foul with the slime of King Leopold's atrocity in Africa; bravely enacted David against Goliath, and washed her skirts clean in the blood of her own arteries.

ITALY: a Religious Hierarchy of Mediaeval times, broke the bonds of blind and servile obedience.

FRANCE: bourgeois with sexual immorality, in the travail of a new birth, cleansed her body into a Magdalene.

ENGLAND: with her far flung fingers of the English Domains, would they? Y-e-a! They did coördinate into the mighty Mailed Fist of the British Empire!

AMERICA: that slothful Giant, with ideals in his dreams, but too busy to bother with 'em. Awoke — in his Might — and with brawny arms cast down hated Autocracy. In the exuberance of his awakening, he neglected his Achilles heel; and while his mighty arms burst the fetters of an alien people, his own ankles were bound in these same hated chains of autocracy,— those of *verboten* and "prohibition."

JOHN CLEVES SHORT,
Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. R.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Editor to Editor

Isaac Rusling Pennypacker, Philadelphia Editor and author, has written to the FORUM *Editor of his impressions after reading the debate on "The Negro Migrations." As it will be recalled, Judge Blanton Fortson presented the issue that the Negro was migrating northward to extinction; William Pickens, representing his own people, stressed the thought that the black race is migrating toward a freer and fuller life. Mr. Pennypacker writes:*

"After reading the two articles on Negro Migration in THE FORUM for November, I am at loss to account for the printing of the white man's first, and indeed for printing it at all. As both articles were printed, the black man's paper, because of its superiority in form, in fact, and in reasoning power, was clearly entitled to precedence. If it came last as an answer to the white man's puerilities, it certainly served the purpose."

Bucking Ballots

The FORUM *Editor, in his editorial pages of November, spoke of "walking with the Pedestrian, arm in arm, cool and untroubled, to cast his ballot for Calvin Coolidge, for President of the United States." A Philadelphia friend, "M. A. L." will evidently run along behind. She writes:*

"If you had presented me with a cheque of four figures you would not have pleased me as much as you have done, in the current (November) FORUM, by your intended walk down the straight and narrow path to vote for Coolidge. It's the only way to walk and leads to the 'altar of perfect peace.' Individually at least, we will have done our best, like the cowboy Jim, whose rude gravestone on the western prairies recounts that 'on earth he did his damndest, — the angels in heaven could do no more.' In a few words this is my idea of the present President, whom I hope will be the next."

The Negro Migrations

A Symposium

Summarizing or quoting opinions of various prominent men and women on a subject which was debated by Judge Blanton Fortson and William Pickens in the November issue of The Forum

For the past ten years the Negroes have been migrating North in ever increasing numbers. What is the cause of this exodus, and what is its result to be for the Negro himself, and for the country? Blanton Fortson, judge of the superior courts of Georgia, maintains that the Negro is migrating northward to extinction. William Pickens, Field Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, carries on the discussion from the point of view that the Negro is moving toward a fuller and freer life. With the causes and effects of this migration scores of Forum readers are concerned. Their letters offer an illuminating diversity of views.

Causes of the Migrations

"People have an inertia against migration unless pushed or pulled," William Pickens argues. This line of thought is followed by Eugene Kinckle Jones, Executive Secretary of the National Urban League, who feels that the Negro is both "pushed" and "pulled" to migration. "The causes of the recent migration from the South to the North can be classified under two heads: social and economic. The social forces at work are those which grow out of lack of opportunity for self-expression in civic matters such as the right of franchise and holding public office, safety of person and property, justice before the courts, lynching, and mob-violence. Those forces, however, which might be called 'push' forces, though ever so strong could not cause any very great hejira unless there were attendant economic attractions or 'pull' forces in the North. These 'pull' forces are the economic reasons. They became operative with great power during and immediately following the World War. Higher wages in the North, accompanied by better opportunity for securing jobs offering advancement, lure the Negro. The great reduction of immigration from Europe during the war, and later, its legal limitation, created a vacuum in the labor supply in the North which gave the Negro his long-wished-for opportunity."

The Negro is "instinctively seeking freedom" in the opinion of A. A. Graham, Corresponding Secretary of the Lott Carey Baptist Foreign Mission Convention. Mr. Graham feels that the Negro has long cherished the desire to leave the South, oppressed as he is by poverty, desperate living conditions, and poor educational advantages. "His vision has grown with the years, and the world to him no longer has its alarming dimensions. Nothing in Heaven or on earth will stop this migration but just and fair treatment in the South. This, the Negro believes, will never be." Archibald H. Grimke, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and Elizabeth B. Grannis, President of the National Christian League second this reaction.

That the actions of the Negro in America always seem to require extraordinary explanation, is a fact commented upon by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, Editor of "The Crisis," who writes, "If the white American leaves the East for the West he does it because there are better chances in the West. If a white southerner leaves the South for the North, he does it because he thinks he can get along better in the North. But if a black American leaves the South for the North then it is extraordinary, and a number of reasons must be given." When the flood of immigration was cut off during the war, the Negro eagerly and promptly took advantage of the opportunity and "swept toward the North and greater justice, freedom, and opportunity," to quote Walter White, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Bishop Samuel P. Spreng, Naperville, Ill., and J. Harvey Kerns, Executive Secretary of the Milwaukee Urban League, share in this point of view.

"Natural Human Impulse"

"The Northward migration of the Negroes in the United States is due," writes William Grant Brown, counselor at Law, New York City, "to the natural human impulse of the more enlightened of the race to escape from a locality that in itself brands them as members of an inferior race, and to the more attractive industrial opportunities here." In direct support of this statement is a letter from John P. Grace, attorney at Charleston, S. C., who says, "We know no such thing here as social equality, or practically speaking, political equality. Now that you have shut out the European from the North the Negro is hastening to the field where he is welcome socially and politically. We have had the Negro on our hands, and the problem. Now you can have him on yours. I say this without any but the kindest feelings for this inferior race."

"It is no wild wanderlust that propels thousands of Negroes across three and a half or more states toward the north pole. The same silent force which dragged the population of England on to the coal fields two centuries ago is at work. Migrations are never accidental. We are all the flotsam drifted about by the currents of economic and social forces," is the statement of Professor T. Compton Pakenham, of the School of Commerce, University of North Carolina.

"'Less toil — more comfort,' is the slogan of the Negro, as well as the white," in the estimation of Thomas C. T. Crain, Judge of the Court of General Sessions, New York, who continues, "Thousands seeking happiness associate diversion, excitement, money, culture, power, — and what they deem success, with city rather than with country life. In this general trend white and black alike are involved. Maitland L. H. Smith, Camden, N. J., and Dr. Edmund A. Christian, Pontiac, Michigan, agree with this point of view.

"The boll weevil, the antagonism of certain people against him, and a rising ambition to do things which cannot be satisfied in the South," are stimuli attributed to the Negro in his migrations by Edgar L. Vincent, Broome County, N. Y. These reasons are likewise touched upon by William H. Baldwin, Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. who adds the additional striking cause, "Induction into the army with consequent travel to training camps and possibly overseas lengthened the radius of the Negro's thoughts about moving. To this purely geographic force was added a widening economic horizon through the development of industry in the South and the demand for men in the older plants in the North. The Negro began to think in terms of steel. The barrier at Ellis Island was erected at the expense of the old Mason and Dixon line." Moorefield Storey, Boston attorney, marvels that the Negro has remained in the South as long as he has. "Lynching, peonage, and general denial of their rights as citizens make migration necessary." An appeal for aid and redress from a helpless colored woman in Georgia was forwarded by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to the Inter-racial Commission in Atlanta, with a request that the case be investigated. Mr. Storey sends the following account: "The colored woman, whose name, together with that of her white assailant, is withheld for purposes of safety, reported that she had been beaten and her son and daughters shot. The victim of the outrage, a widow with eight children, writes:

> 'On September first, 1924, about 2 o'clock, he (the white man) came to my home and asked me to let my son go to a log camp. I refused to let him go with him. Then he cursed me, then came back in the house and struck me with his fist. Then he threw a brick and struck my daughter . . . in the side. Me and my daughter are now in bed under the doctor's (care). He also went home and got his shotgun and revolver and shot my daughters, 2 of them, and one of my sons. . . . Down here, Sir, we colored people can't ever get a warrant for a white man, don't care how bad he do. Please help me to bring him to justice.'"

Until the War, in the opinion of Abraham Lefkowitz, executive officer of the Central Trades and Labor Council, New York, the Negro had no guarantee that if he invested his life's savings in a trip

orthward, he would be certain of regular mployment. "During the War, large orporations sent their representatives to he South with power to pay the passage f Negroes to their northern factories nd to guarantee them a permanent job t good wages." Hence the wholesale nigration.

A Cityward Movement

"It is no more a question of 'Negro' migration than 'white,'" writes John W. Davis, President of the West Virginia Collegiate Institute, who believes that "migration as related to the American Negro is only a part of the trend toward urbanization in America. Shameful abuses without doubt have increased the movement of the Negroes northward." Abram L. Harris, Professor in the Department of Economics, at the same institution, has a similar view, and adds, "The tendency to isolate a purely social phenomenon, only incidentally involving black people, is example *par excellence* of our American tradition to think in racial categories. Whether the migration of the Negro be studied scientifically or regarded from the standpoint of social prejudice, it must at all times be remembered that the underlying causes are economic and specifically those connected with the growth of large-scale machine production. For that reason the movement must not be considered purely racial."

"The reason Negroes are migrating north is economic, but the reason they are going *willingly* is social," in the opinion of C. H. Tobias, executive official on the International Committee, Y. M. C. A. Mr. Tobias recalls that during the first months of the migration Southern newspapers freely predicted that the coming of cold weather would witness a return of the migrants south. They did not return. More extensive education of the Negro is a cause attributed by Dr. Joseph L. O'Brien, Bishop England High School, Charleston, S. C., to the exodus northward. "Education has brought about a race consciousness which leads the present day common school educated Negro to rebel against the economic, political, and social position in which he finds himself in the Southern States." L. Hollingsworth Wood, New York attorney and member of several national boards working in behalf of the Negro, reminds us that "even before the trend northward there was already in the South a distinct trend cityward, following very much the trend of other populations in our United States." Mr. Wood lays much of the blame on the unfortunate situation of the tenant-farmer or "share-cropper" in many of our rural districts in the South. Alberta V. Dunn, New Orleans, La., and Monte J. Goble, Cincinnati, O., share this view, Mr. Goble further stating that in his estimation the "natural increase in population, which as it advances, contributes a normal exodus," has something to do with the migrations.

Forum readers who have sent us interesting personal reactions or recollections of the South and of the black race, are Edward A. Gutherie, Madison, N. J.; William M. Ashby, New Jersey Urban League; Samuel H. Johnson, Baltimore, Md.; A. H. Woodward, Woodward, Ala.; Marianna G. Brubaker, Bird-in-Hand, Penna.; Mrs. Roswell Skell, Jr., Seven Gates Farm, Vineyard Haven, Mass.; Miss Ernestine Rose, Librarian, New York Public Library; Mrs. Alexander B. White, Merion, Penna.; Miss Mary McLeod Bethune, Daytona, Fla.; John C. Wright, Daytona, Fla.; W. W. Clark, Milton, Fla.; Kelley Miller, Howard University, Washington, D. C.; E. Franklin Frazier, Atlanta, Ga.; P. LeRoy Pinkussohn, Charleston, S. C.; Arthur A. Schomburg, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Chase S. Osborne, Ex-Governor of Michigan; E. G. Spilman, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Summary

The fundamental causes of Negro Migration are summed up by Jesse O. Thomas, Field Secretary, National Urban League: "The Negro moves,

1. Because of fear of Mob Violence.
2. Lack of police protection.
3. Disfranchisement, and general denial of justice in the courts.
4. Insecurity of life and limb.
5. Non-participation in the affairs of government.
6. Double economic standard. (One wage paid to Negroes and a different wage paid to whites for the same task performed.)

7. Segregation, — the general practice of Jim Crow cars on street cars and railroads.
8. Peonage and lack of freedom of speech.
9. Lack of adequate educational facilities for the training of Negro children.
10. General denial of citizenship rights, and economic and social slavery."

With What Effect?

The Negro migrates north. To what, and with what result? Judge Fortson, it will be recalled, maintained that the Negro migrates to racial extinction. William Pickens asserts that the Negro race will never die out, but that his blood may be diffused throughout the entire population. Likewise, what will be the effect upon the South which he leaves behind, and the North to which he goes?

For the most part those contributing their views on the question tred gently upon or step aside from the point of amalgamation. Dr. C. B. Wilmer, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Atlanta, Ga., considers it essential that we should not ignore the protests of racial instincts on the part of the white race. He says, "It seems certain that the very suggestion of totally wiping out race lines is bound to hamper most seriously the actual work of reconciliation and coöperation that is at present so beneficial and so hopeful in the South." Dr. Wilmer does not believe that the Negro race is moving northward to extinction, nor does he believe that racial amalgamation will result. "For present practical consideration, we ought to think of the two races as each standing for its own racial purity."

Powel Crosley, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio, feels that the Southern planter who is rapidly losing his farm labor has just as acute a problem to solve as the Northerner who must face a new issue in color adjustment. "There is a shortage of labor in Southern agricultural districts," writes T. J. Woofter, Jr., of the Georgia Committee on Race Relations, who likewise touches upon the effect in the South of the great exodus. "Southern agriculture suffers from the suddenness of the movement. When the temporary ill effects have passed, however, the result to Southern agriculture will be good." In outlining the effects on the Negro himself, Mr. Woofter maintains, "If he is to remain a cheap, easily exploited class of common labor his industrialization causes a graver menace to the race. If he can attain the skilled and semi-skilled positions and raise his standards of living the race will benefit by these new outlets for his skill, and the labor supply of the nation will be the gainer."

"One of the effects of the migrations will be to make America democratic in the larger sense of the term," in the opinion of John W. Davis, previously quoted. "One situation seems to me of real interest," writes L. Hollingsworth Wood. "Large aggregations of city-dwelling Negroes, such for instance as the one district of New York which we call Harlem, where it is estimated there are over a hundred thousand Negroes living in a compact group, makes possible a city life for the Negro in which he is almost exclusively eliminated from contact with the white people."

End Not Yet in Sight

"I do not think that anyone at this time can state exactly what will be the ultimate effect of this exodus of the colored people," states J. C. Banks, Los Angeles worker in behalf of the Negro race. "The social and economic effects upon the race in the North as well as in the South, are already far reaching, and the end is not yet in sight. But among the developments thus far ascertained, we may note the following: The disorganization of the labor system of the South and the attempt to reorganize it with white and alien labor supplanting the Negro. The favorable consideration on the part of white, of the Negroes remaining in the South, with the hope of checking the flowing tide of color. This is evidenced by the better living conditions and better schools for Negroes in rural communities, and the general effort to slow up lynching. Finally, the ultimate breaking up of the South as the centre of Negro population. The generalization of the race problem throughout the United States, is a notable result."

Amalgamation means the breaking down of innate prejudice. This, in the opinion of many, will never be. "The same law of the survival of the fittest will certainly apply in this case," writes H. E. Millard, Grand Rapids, Mich. "There may be intermingling of the races in

greater degree, but not such as to elevate the Negro or degrade the white to an equal standard." This point of view is expressed even more decidedly by W. W. Strong, Mechanicsburg, Penna., who feels that we should fight, if needs be, for racial purity. Reverend George Zurcher, pastor of St. Vincents Church, North Evans, N. Y., is likewise impassioned, lining up "High Finance, Jews, Negroes, and Infidelity, versus Religion and Morality, with organized Labor an unwilling tool of the former."

Readjustment

"In Washington, there is a number of colored Harvard graduates," writes Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director of the Good Housekeeping Institute. "Yet I have never seen one of them at a Harvard meeting. I imagine great consternation would prevail if one of them should go to a Harvard meeting. The colored man, therefore, especially educated colored men, exercises a wise repression of indulging in equal rights. My belief is that there are only two places that colored men can go with profit. One is far south of the border not within one hundred miles of any old free state; the other, far north not within one hundred and fifty miles of any old slave state. All the intervening ground seems to be fatal for colored inhabitants."

"The Negro himself is fast readjusting himself to his new environment; the Nation as a whole is far better off because of more equitable distribution of her colored population," is the reaction of A. L. Foster, Secretary of the Canton Urban League, Canton, Ohio. Mrs. John D. Hammond, New York City, feels that the migration is a blessing to both races. First, "it is making us Southern whites realize both the human and economic value of the Negro; it is bringing the Negro a desirable economic outlet; and it has lifted what the North and the South mistakenly regard as a sectional problem out of its sectional environment and set it squarely where it belongs, — a national responsibility and opportunity."

That the intensity of race prejudice in the South will be relieved, while widening its area in the North, is the estimation of John C. Dancy, Detroit Urban League. Henry Wollman, New York attorney, fears that the colored people who come North will not be as greatly benefited as they expected to be, "because even the white people of the North have not shown the greatest disposition to be as helpful to the colored people and to be as sympathetic with their desire to progress, as they might have been."

The Negro in Northern communities will be a political factor that must be reckoned with, writes Jesse O. Thomas. Mr. Thomas believes that a more intelligent and sympathetic understanding on the part of white people respecting the Negro's position is being brought about. He refers, with appreciation, to the work being done by the Committee on Inter-racial Cooperation, — an organization that is daily increasing in numbers and influence. In a letter from Monroe N. Work, editor of the Negro Year Book, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, quotes President Jacobs of Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Ga., as saying that "the very finest effect of this exodus of Negro laborers is its political effect. As long as there is a Negro problem in America, the South is in political slavery, unable to vote her mind about matters of national and international importance. When the time comes that the Negro problem is no longer a sectional problem, then, indeed, will the South be free." John M. Ragland, Louisville Urban League, and S. S. Caldwell, Omaha, Nebr., write along similar lines. Mr. Caldwell, serving as chairman of the War Camp Community Service at the time of the race riot in Omaha, says, "I believe this migration will be a betterment for the race should they find their economic independence. Otherwise there will be endless friction, brawls, and turmoil between the white and colored industrial workers." Mr. Caldwell makes a plea for colored leaders who have learned team-work and coöperation in all measures that will help the moral and industrial uplift of their own people.

"It would be a great blessing to this country," concludes Franklin E. Heald, of the Massachusetts State Grange, "if any question involving the Negro as a group or race could ever be discussed from civic, social, or economic viewpoints without passion and prejudice which merely blind and render impossible any fair and helpful verdict."



They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of The Forum *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscript submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 500 words in length, and those of 300 words are especially desired.*

Solo

Solo, by Pierre Coalfleet (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $2.00), is not without faults, but it has so much more "body" than the average story that it inspires respect and a distinct belief that here is not simply a book but an author. I don't think this is because his material, intrinsically, is new. The boyhood of *Paul Minas* has an unusual setting, a little village in Nova Scotia, but one isn't particularly conscious of the place, which seems as familiar as a little village in Maine or on Long Island. It is the feeling of the story that is authentic and fresh, the accent that is original. *Paul Minas* himself is distinguished from other boys chiefly by being a boy musician, organist in the small church, pupil of his aunt, *Verona Windell*. *Miss Windell* is the strange, remarkable figure who colors all of *Paul's* life. Evidently a very great musician, she has for some tragic reason abandoned a career and settled in *Hale's Turning* as a recluse.

There is one other important influence on the growing boy, — the memory of his father, a sea captain who received a gold watch, inherited by *Paul*, for saving nineteen sailors.

I have no particular fear of exaggerating the charm and power of these opening pages, the first quarter of the book, in which *Paul* grows up. The contacts of boys and girls in a village are presented through *Paul's* eyes without the least suggestion of a method borrowed or imitated from anybody. But *Aunt Verona* is much more of a triumph because portrayed with so much imaginative skill. The rest could be a feat of reminiscence, mainly; *Miss Windell* is a creative act. For her *Paul* collects the texts of sermons which she scribbles on paper and stuffs into drawers that soon overflow with scribbled bits of paper. From the kitchen she calls to *Paul* at his piano practice: "Go back two bars. You've skipped an A flat in the bass." Sitting silent at the window with eyes that certainly see nothing of *Hale's Turning* her repose of a trance, of death, is broken one day by the ejaculation: "God, what a labyrinth, labyrinth, labyrinth!" But turning at once upon *Paul* she cautions him. He must not say "God." "I may, but you must not." And the gradual hysteria leading to her final frenzy is treated with all the power of suggestiveness which is as necessary to the art of

ction as to other arts, perhaps even ore so.

Aunt Verona's death throws *Paul* to a world in which intelligence exists o longer. After a brief and stirring exerience at school, he runs away to sea. he pages that deal with his life as a bin boy on a passage to Australia e done with a competence in regard to fe at sea to which I can testify, — but must add that such a competence is xtremely rare. This second part of the ook is in the nature of an interlude, pleasant quiescence in which the boy pens toward the man. It is the introduction to three concluding parts, comprising ather more than half of the novel, in hich *Paul Minas*, the man, has the tage. These parts are crucial, of course, nd the whole question for the reader epends upon how well they are done.

And I should like to say, at once, that hey seem to me to be noteworthy of their mplitude. There is a positive brilliance, t times, in the selection or invention of llustrative incident. Never does the uthor resort to any trick of mannerism f style; he depends for his success solely n what he has to report about *Paul*. t would be absurd, I think, to pretend hat Mr. Coalfleet's writing, as writing, s always as good as it could be. But I ike his perspective, even when it is a erspective on apparent confusion, — or one of *Paul's* convictions is that his ife is hopelessly chaotic. The reader is ure to be struck by the fact that sex n the physical side, so much magnified owadays in the story of this type, is here elegated to its casual unimportance in ives such as *Paul's*. In fact, the thing s hardly mentioned; but when an episode s dealt with, as in the case of a girl on a California farm, the touch of imagination dwells upon it, the significance of what happened, — or rather, in this nstance, didn't happen, — is clear.

Paul, you see, is interesting material; nd with good stuff a writer, to go wrong, must be a positively bad writer. The need o express himself is not less in *Paul's* ase than in that of any other person ndowed with a measure of the mysterious omething we call genius. Despite a taste or literature, he is not to become a writer. The logical, the prepared thing would be or him to become a great musician. A final disillusionment awaits him in Munich and Vienna, whither a pious memory of *Aunt Verona* takes him. He has by this time been too much in the world, he has dwelt too long in the midst of the stupid, the unintelligent, and the sentimental, and his personal character has developed too much in spiritual solitude to make possible the satisfaction of his soul by successes as a virtuoso. He turns then to a life of personal expression; not by music or by words, any more than by painting or some other accepted channel of expression, but by the example of his behavior, he means to satisfy the inner need. What part of it is pride the reader must settle for himself, of course.

Paul's personal attractiveness, his capacity for social and business success, his magnetism are all shown clearly by an experience in Cairo. But these things are impermanent satisfactions. He quits Egypt to return to Nova Scotia; the influence of *Aunt Verona* is strengthened, perhaps, in those surroundings, and he becomes a distinct rebel in contrast to the vagrant taster of life. Imprisoned for his attitude toward the war, he comes out with the conviction that perhaps even the example of behavior has counted for nothing. He goes to Paris under a strong sense of defeat. We are now nearing the close of the novel and the grip of *Paul's* story on the reader becomes steadily stronger. I shall say nothing of the dramatic and ironically perfect ending except that the last few pages seem to me to be absolutely right and effective. They have just that touch of theatricism which extreme realists may despise but which seems to me quite necessary to make such a book as *Solo* intelligible and meaningful to most readers, — to pull it out somewhere. It is not often that a novelist is able to pack everything in his final sentence. I think the author of *Solo* does.

GRANT OVERTON.

New York City.

Oil or Honor?

"Turks will be Turks!" This, apparently, was the attitude of the Powers at Lausanne, not excluding America, the "Observer." And the erstwhile "Unspeak-

able Turk," as he smiled in his sleeve, doubtless murmured something like "Oil is oil."

Many aspects present themselves in a study of the situation in the Near East, not the least interesting of which is that its horror and desolation follow about one hundred years of American religious, educational, and medical work and the investment of approximately 136,000,000 American dollars. As a climax to this record of service, American marines on four United States war vessels, in September 1922, played audience to the spectacle of the destruction of Smyrna, an entertainment so vast and terrible that the play of beasts and Christians provided for the Roman populace in the days of Nero seem dwarfed beside it. Two activities were permitted to the marines: they could and did protect a few nationals, and they saved the plant of the Standard Oil Company from being burned. Where their orders forbade them to interfere was in the burning of the United States Consulate and of two philanthropic institutions founded and supported by Americans, and the looting of houses owned by Americans and flying the American flag.

Truly there are many reasons, — economic, patriotic, and humanitarian, — why Americans should strive to understand the situation in the Near East. Our money is still being spent there. But to what end? Our government, — "of, by and for the people," — is still a power there. In what way? Our fellow Christians there are still suffering a concentrated misery exceeding in intensity all the good which we have been able to bring them through one hundred years of friendliness and service. Yet our prevailing attitude, according to Edward Hale Bierstadt, Executive Secretary of the Emergency Committee for Near East Refugees, is largely that of "ignorance, misunderstanding, and bias." In a frank attempt to rouse to consideration a public generous with money but niggardly with thought, Mr. Bierstadt has studied the Near East problem, and presents a survey of the situation in a book which he calls THE GREAT BETRAYAL (McBride & Company, $2.50). Perhaps the dramatic suggestiveness of the title will attract readers who might overlook the work under some more prosaic name. We hope it will not lead any one to think that the author is trying to win sympathy with fine phrases.

The Great Betrayal sums up separately and in tabloid form the histories of Greece and Turkey as they have affected and are affected by the present situation. It reviews America's philanthropic investment in the Near East, describes the condition of the Christian minorities to-day, and tells "the truth about Smyrna." It is fully documented, that is, as fully as secret diplomacy permits. To quote from the foreword of Mr. Edward Capps, former United States Minister to Greece, "It is a pity that access to the wealth of material available in the Department of State in Washington is still denied to the Public," but even so there is enough in this book to add immeasurably to public understanding. If what is untold can justify our naval policy and put the Department of State in any better light, it is to the interest of the government to reveal it. One may or may not agree with Mr. Bierstadt's conclusions and recommendations; one cannot deny either the value or the interest of the information he has assembled.

ALVERDA VAN TUYL.

New York City.

Blocs and Humbugs

Dozens of books are written every year on the government of the United States and most of them, especially school text books, deal with the form rather than the substance of the government. People simply are not interested in politics. They are astoundingly ignorant of its realities and therefore shockingly indifferent to them. Of those who are eligible to vote only one fifth to one third take part in any of the primaries and one half to two thirds take part in elections. This state of affairs has naturally made for the much criticised and little understood "political machine." Since people are not interested in their government the political machine has taken their place. The real sovereign in America is the political machine. But what is it? How does it come to be? What is the real nature of its power?

These questions Frank R. Kent sets out to answer in THE GREAT GAME OF POLITICS (Doubleday Page, $2.50). Mr. Kent analyzes the political machine

om ward election messenger to national airman, from member of the ward mmittee to candidate for the Presidency the United States. He shows how it epends on the apathy of the voter for s power. He explains the source of its ote and support, where the money comes om, the stranglehold it has on members city councils, state legislatures, and ongress. He has something to say about ne relationship of blocs and powerful ocieties to government and the humuggery incident to all political campaigns.

The country is overrun with amateur olitical reformers whose indignation s not always enlightened with accurate nowledge of what they are attacking. Mr. Kent's book will give them a better nderstanding. And those who are not olitical reformers may use it as first aid o more intelligent voting, — next time.

CHARLES ANGOFF.

Dorchester, Mass.

The Letters of Madame

It was a very happy thought which led to the translation into English of THE LETTERS OF MADAME, Correspondence of Elisabeth-Charlotte of Bavaria, Duchess of Orléans, called *Madame* at the Court of King Louis XIV, translated by Gertrude Scott Stevenson (D. Appleton and Company, $5.00) one of the most important contributions to the reign of Louis XIV that has yet appeared, a contribution worthy to rank next to the *Memoirs of St. Simon* or the famous *Journal of Dangeau*. *Madame* was an original character, but what was rare at the time she lived, a perfectly straight and honest woman, who was never able to shake off her feelings of disgust and impatience at all the sorry sights that met her eyes at every turn. She probably never felt quite at home amidst her surroundings, but nevertheless could not have torn herself from them, because at the bottom of her heart there lurked a romantic attachment for her Royal brother-in-law, and most likely her hatred of Madame de Maintenon owed its origin to that attachment. On the other hand the King always respected and liked his blunt, plain speaking, sister-in-law, and perhaps was just a little bit afraid of her, and of her caustic tongue. *Madame* did not mince her words, and for this reason her letters, although at times full of repetitions, are never dull.

Madame, in an atmosphere where love seemed to reign as an absolute master, remained pure; even her worst enemies, and she had many, never dared to attack her virtue. Once an attempt was made in that direction when the Princess immediately turned to the King for protection, and of course won her case. The account she gives of the incident to the Duchess of Hanover is most entertaining, but one can plainly see how grieved she would have been had Louis XIV believed the calumnies against her.

Madame had none of the charm of her predecessor, the brilliant Henriette of Orléans, but she had more solidity in her character, and always kept her self respect intact. She could not have esteemed her degenerate and weak husband, but she bore his name with dignity and with courage, for it required courage to move amidst the many intrigues which were going on at the Court of Louis. Her greatest affection after the King, was her son, this dissolute Regent with whom she never could agree, but whom she nevertheless adored, and always defended.

The correspondence is most interesting, and gives us a wonderful picture of Versailles under the *Roi Soleil*, as Louis XIV was called by his courtiers.

It is exceedingly well translated, but the introduction contains a rather surprising error. Madame de St. Simon, who is spoken of as a lady in waiting on *Madame*, never occupied that position, but was the *Dame d'Honneur*, — something quite different from lady in waiting, — to the Duchess de Berry, the granddaughter of Elisabeth-Charlotte. Her appointment as such is discussed very extensively in the *Memoirs* of her husband, and it is strange that the translator of *Madame's* correspondence could have made such a mistake.

C. RADZIWILL.

New York City.

Intellectual Adventuring

"The keenest pain known to human nature is the pain of a new idea." This is

the pain that Albert Edward Wiggam avowedly set out to inflict upon his readers when he wrote the NEW DECALOGUE OF SCIENCE. (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.) Only courageous spirits should venture it.

Mr. Wiggam has studied much, thought profoundly, and written fearlessly. To him the patient study, the laborious working out of his convictions, and the expression of convictions that will horrify many people must have been a glorious adventure, — such a one as he frequently refers to as "an adventuring of the spirit in new fields of thought." It is not possible to read the book without thrilling in sympathy with the bold intellectual explorer; it is not possible to read it without appreciating the solicitude of a generous spirit for humanity, even for that part which will condemn him ruthlessly; it is not possible to read it without feeling the inexorable hardness of intelligent, far-seeing sympathy that is as tender for the unborn cripples and incompetents of posterity as it is for the pitiful wrecks and derelicts who make such a powerful appeal to the hearts of the less far-seeing.

"The Golden Rule, as conceived and practised to-day, will wreck the race that tries it," says Mr. Wiggam. It must be scientifically interpreted and scientifically applied. We have adopted an open-minded, scientific attitude in our study of the laws of physical nature, with the result that in 150 years we have changed our environment more than we had changed it in the preceding half-million years. The open-minded, scientific method is effective. It is constructive. Let us apply it, proposes Mr. Wiggam, to morals and to statecraft. Possibly we may improve our morals and our social order in proportion as we have improved our environment. In short, having renovated our environment, let us now turn to and renovate ourselves. But "the theory of social and political operation is to-day in the hands of men who have knowledge but no power; the practise of society and politics is in the hands of men who have power but no knowledge," — an ominous condition, yet one too strongly entrenched by time-honored custom to be easily remedied. Nevertheless, it must be changed if we are to progress, and Mr. Wiggam makes a powerful sortie.

It is interesting to imagine his reception in certain orthodox quarters:

"'*Scientific in religion?' To the stake with him!*"

"'*Scientific in politics?' God and the Party forbid!*"

All who cannot endure the torture of a new idea, beware. But you others who love the hardship of pure intellectual adventuring, you who long for the Truth wherever it be and in whatever harsh and unexpected form, and you who desire the welfare of humanity more than the cobwebbed peace of cherished notions, — read the book.

RICHARD W. EDMONDS.

South Norwalk, Conn.

A Turkish Novel

Halide Edib Hanum is the best known Turkish woman both inside and outside of her country. One of the first of her sex to be educated in an American school and imbued with many of our western ideas, she has for years been a leader in the education and emancipation of her fellow-women in Turkey. Under the Nationalists' régime she was for some time the Minister of Education in Angora. Throughout the whole of her recent book, THE SHIRT OF FLAME (Duffield and Co. $2.50) one feels that the sincerity and patriotism of the characters reflect that of the author, who had herself undergone many of the experiences described.

The story shows the growth of loyalty and patriotism of a group of characters aroused by the suffering of their fellow Turks to leave Constantinople so as to work and fight for the Nationalist cause in Anatolia. Obviously a partisan presentation of the facts, the book nevertheless succeeds by its ring of sincerity in enlisting the reader's sympathy for the Turkish cause. It carries much more weight than the Europeanized and emasculated books on the Turks that have so far been given us from Turkish sources. No attempt has been made by the author of *The Shirt of Flame* to pander to Americans and their ideas and to pass carefully over those phases of Turkish life that might be subject to criticism from a western point of view. There are not many long descriptions that break the thread of the story, but the

ook abounds in words and phrases that, the story progresses, grow rich in sug- istion, in particular the two phrases e "road to Smyrna" and the title itself.

HAROLD B. HOSKINS.

Boston, Mass.

"East is East"

There are two methods of picturing the leged British exploitation of India. erbert Adams Gibbons uses one, the istorical method, in his *New Map of sia;* E. M. Forster employs the second, e fictional, in A PASSAGE TO INDIA Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2.50). The one straightforward denunciation in terms hat none can mistake, the other is more ubtle and delicately suggestive. In a ertain sense the fictional method is the nore effective; it reaches the emotions nd not the mind alone.

Not that Mr. Forster's work is one of hose novels "with a purpose" or a leverly disguised piece of propaganda, — t is first and last a story, but a story vhich is built upon a contrast in racial temperaments. The author does not picture England as the imperial leech sucking the life-blood from India. He emphasizes, rather, the arrogance and stupidity which stamp the life of the average Englishman "out East," and focusses his attention upon the insuperable barrier which both race and religion have erected. Kipling said something about East and West and the slim chance of their ever getting together. I think that Mr. Forster comes nearer unearthing the true significance of these words than most of those who glibly quote the couplet to prove a specific point.

DALE WARREN.

New York City.

A Bishop Incognito

A BISHOP OUT OF RESIDENCE, by Victor L. Whitechurch (Duffield & Co., $2.00) comes face to face with the daily problems of the parish priest and has the unique experience of seeing himself as others see him. Suffering from a breakdown and assuming that the duties of a country rector are negligible, the *Bishop of Lenchester* retires incognito to a country parish to recuperate. Although bishop of an agricultural diocese, he finds rural parish life surprisingly complex, — vastly different than it had appeared during his brief visits. He is confronted with smoky stoves, torn vestments, recalcitrant school boys, incorrigible sons, and the proverbial "designing female," and is amazed to find these are "all in the day's work." At a gathering of rural pastors, he hears unflattering comment on his own book dealing with problems of the agricultural parish and realizes how far removed from each other are theory and practice. At the end of several trying months, he leaves the parish a wiser bishop with a fund of invaluable experience. An amusing but graphic account of rural church problems in England, through which runs an entertaining love story.

MARIE E. DOREMUS.

Brooklyn, New York.

There Is Confusion

The Negro in America who wishes to be an artist has a hard row to hoe; none knows it better than himself, yet in considering what are the obstacles in his way, he perhaps overlooks the greatest obstacle of all. He has to his hand a tragedy ready-made; if he wishes to paint a picture or compose a symphony or write a novel, there always at his door are the elements of conflict: pain and bitter humiliation, pity more cruel perhaps than hatred, patronage, brutality, fraud, — he knows them all, and has experienced most of them. It is only natural that this struggle between two races should be the subject of his artistic expression; the danger to him lies in the fact that the struggle between white and black is not enough. The subject in general is familiar in one way or another to every one of his readers; each has his own passionate reaction to it. But in dealing with it, the Negro artist must be more than general; his tragedy must be specific; he must not only set forth a general situation which arouses pity and terror if any situation ever did, but his own section of it, the characters in his novel, the notes of his symphony must be terrible and pitiful. Otherwise he does no more than many persons who have written of the Great War: they were trivial about a profound and many-sided conflict.

All this is a preface to saying that THERE IS CONFUSION, by Jessie Fauset (Knopf, $2.00), although written earnestly and intelligently, is not a first-rate novel. Miss Fauset has let her subject carry her along instead of carrying it. There is no doubt that if this were not a novel written by a Negro about Negroes and their relations with whites it would be classed with a hundred others that are published every year and forgotten. It contains much information about cultivated and well-to-do Negroes that should be of interest to the haughty Nordic; it mentions casually certain restrictions and humiliations that should make the flesh of the haughty Nordic crawl with shame, — and mentions them with remarkably little resentment: for example, that an educated colored man or woman cannot be sure of being allowed to sit in a public restaurant in New York City without being insulted, that a colored medical student cannot be present at operations in certain hospitals, and the old story of being shunted off to balcony seats in theaters or being forbidden any seat at all. When she relates these things, Miss Fauset is simple and direct and impressive; when she writes of the "golden voice" of her heroine, of the uncommon beauty of her hero, of their devious mi understandings, and the great dénouemer at the end when it transpires that th little colored boy was really the heir of th proud white gentleman, she is roamin in the fields of fancy and of melodram

In criticising thus adversely the effo of a Negro, the white reviewer alway opens himself to the charge of Negr phobia. But the last thing the colore artist should ask, — and indeed does as in almost every case, — is special consi eration because he is colored. Art know neither race nor color. The Negro spiri uals are great and important music n because they were first sung by blac slaves but because their musical elemen are original and harmonious and emotio ally moving. The great Negro nove when it is written, will almost surel deal with the tragic conflict of black wit white, but its greatness will lie withi itself; it will not depend on a realist account of an insult in a restaurant or eve a lynching; it will melt its readers in tears or arouse them to passionate resen ment because a certain man or woma suffers shame or pain.

DOROTHY G. VAN DOREN.

New York City.

